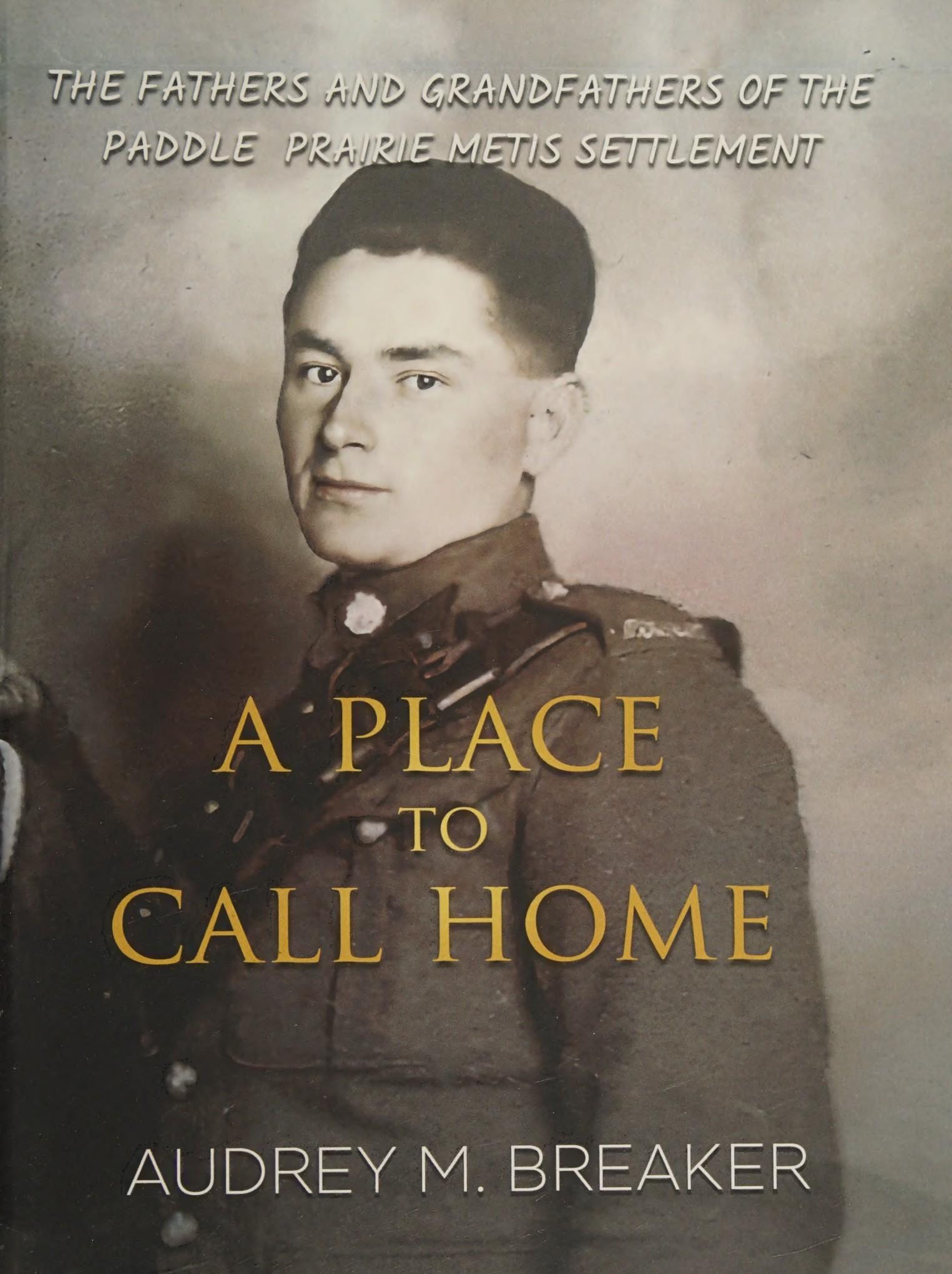
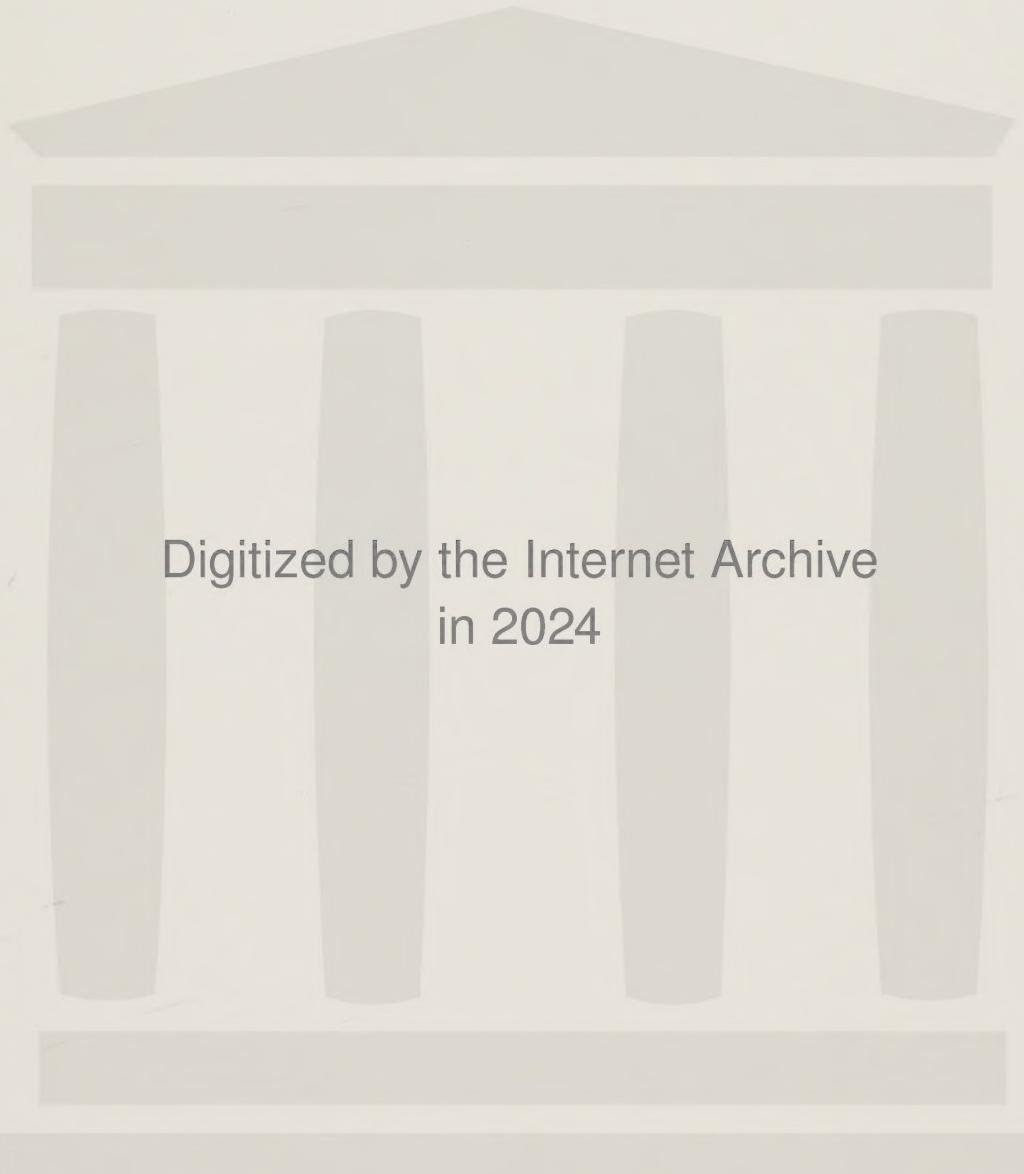


THE FATHERS AND GRANDFATHERS OF THE
PADDLE PRAIRIE METIS SETTLEMENT



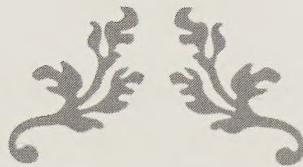
A PLACE
TO
CALL HOME

AUDREY M. BREAKER



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

<https://archive.org/details/aplacetocallhome0000unse>



“A PLACE TO CALL HOME”: THE FATHERS AND GRANDFATHERS OF THE PADDLE PRAIRIE METIS SETTLEMENT

The Guardians of the Lands, the Forests,
and the Rivers of the North



AUDREY M. BREAKER

Also by Audrey M. Breaker

"Surviving and Thriving in the North": The Mothers and Grandmothers of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement

Library and Archives Cataloguing in Publications Data

"A PLACE TO CALL HOME": THE FATHERS AND GRANDFATHERS OF THE PADDLE PRAIRIE METIS SETTLEMENT

Issued first in a book format.

ISBN: 978-1-990616-02-0 (book)

Cover Design: EA Designs

Editor: RLI Education Team

Front Cover Photo: Sam Parenteau, 18 years old, in his army uniform with the Regina Rifles, 1916.

Back Cover Photo: Eli Ridsdale driving his team along the Chinchaga River.

Funding for this project was made possible through a conditional grant with Alberta Education secured by Rupertsland Institute: Métis Centre of Excellence. The perspectives expressed in this publication are those of the authors and contributors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Government of Alberta.



I am Metis

Today, very proud to be me
Walking tall for all to see
Our Elders were discouraged
Taught us all and encouraged;
Pride inside they went on
Looking toward a new dawn
They built a country for us all
Challenges abound, they didn't fall;
I am Metis, and proud to be
Our ancestors left us a legacy,
Taught us to do whatever it takes
Metis Pride and history it makes;
Always work and help another
Taught by our Father and Mother
Staying strong and very proud
Always rising above the crowd;
I am Metis I will always say
Proudly here forever to stay.

- C. Card

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication	5
Acknowledgements	6
Introduction	7
"A Place to Call Home"	8
Anderson, Oliver	9
Auger, Aubrey	13
Auger, Napolean	15
Beaulieu, William John	17
Calliou, Gregory	19
Cardinal, Jean Marie (Peeweno)	22
Chalifoux, David	24
Chalifoux, Ronnie	26
Gaucher, George	31
Ghostkeeper, Adolphus	34
Houle, Clarence	36
Houle, Louis	39
Houle, Raymond (Pasquale)	42
House, Fred	44
House, Peter	49
Johnston, Samuel	55
Lariviere, Jimmy	58
Martineau, Allen	62
Martineau, Lyle	64
Martineau, Wilfred (Fred)	68
McGillivray, Clifford	77
McGillivray, Joe	80
Nooskey, Ambrose	83
Parenteau, Ambrose	85
Parenteau, Edward (Eddy)	89
Parenteau, Leo	96
Parenteau, Octave	100
Parenteau, Robert	107
Parenteau, Sam	111

Parenteau, Thomas (Tommy)	118
Richard, Ralph	122
Ridsdale, Eli	124
Supernault, Jonas	127
Villeneuve, Lawrence	129
Wanuch, George	132
Community Life and Teachings of Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement.....	141
The Chuckegg Creek Fire Heroes	142
Building on the Strengths of the Fathers and Grandfathers	143
Resource People	144
Glossary	145
Author Autobiography	161
I am Metis	162
Resources & Readings	163

Dedication

This book is dedicated in honour of the fathers and grandfathers of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement. Dedicated in the honour of those men who worked hard, day after day, doing back breaking work, to build and develop the community, from basically nothing. They were ordinary men, with vision and foresight, who created the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement into a thriving community. A place where they were proud to raise their families, and provided a good life for them, and gave them a place to call home.

Pimatisiwin. We had a good life.

I would also like to dedicate this book to the families who still live there, and who are proud to call Paddle Prairie home. I also want to dedicate this book to those who were born and raised there and may have moved away for educational or work purposes, but still are proud to say they come from Paddle Prairie.

Our fathers and grandfathers instilled that pride in us through their hard work and determination to create a good community for their families. They created that place we are proud to call home.

This book is also dedicated to the firemen and firefighters who stayed behind, when everyone else was evacuated, to protect the community from the raging Chuckegg Creek fire in May of 2019. Even though many homes and personal property were lost, those men and women put their lives at risk to save as many homes as they could. They are our true heroes, and true guardians of the north!

Acknowledgements

Acknowledgement must go to the people of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement for their tenacity, resilience, and perseverance they put forth in the development of the community over the past eighty years.

It is the priceless, heartwarming stories of the people, their families and their courage and bravery as they forged ahead in the wilderness of the north. It is their stories of how they survived and thrived in this harsh territory, and how they created a thriving community and a place we could call home. Their tenacity and perseverance are worth writing about and preserving for the future generations. These are the stories, and many more, that we will pass on to our children and grandchildren. They truly were the guardians of our community, and the north.

Acknowledgement and thanks must also go to the Rupertsland Institute for their encouragement in the writing of this compilation of stories from the families. Their support in the editing and printing of this document as a part of the Indigenous Languages Education project, especially Kimberley Fraser-Airhart and her editing.

I would also like to acknowledge my family, my husband, my children, and my grandchildren, and to those yet unborn, to whom I dedicate this work. Without their inspiration, support, and encouragement, this would not be possible.

For them to know and honor their grandparents, and great grandparents, who made this life possible.



A group of young people by the school in Paddle Prairie: the Houle twins, Mabel Martineau, Louis Martineau, Shirley Martineau, and the rest you will have to guess...

Introduction

Paddle Prairie was opened up for settlement for the Métis people in 1939. The Government of Alberta originally created twelve Metis colonies in Northern Alberta, that are now called Metis Settlements. This land was set aside by the Government for the Metis people to settle, to farm, to develop, and a place for them to call home.

The first community Supervisor at the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement was my grandfather, Fred Martineau. He was hired by the provincial government in 1939 to oversee the settlement of the community as the families moved there. He moved his own family there in December 1940.

Prior to this, the Métis people in Alberta were considered the ‘road allowance’ people. They didn’t have title to land, nor property. They were landless. The few times they were allotted land, their title was dissolved by the government and the land was given to the settlers who were coming in droves looking for land to farm. Therefore, the Métis people were forced to squat on Crown land where possible, until they were forced to move. Sometimes they squatted next to First Nation communities, where some of them had relatives.

So, the Métis people lived a nomadic lifestyle, hunting, trapping, travelling to where they could find work to support their families and creating temporary communities.

Our fathers and grandfathers were resilient, hardworking warriors who made Paddle Prairie a home for our community. They modelled kind, determined leadership for everyone.

We need to preserve their history for the next generations following in our footsteps. Tell them the stories so they will know who their fathers, grandfathers, and great grandfathers were. Let them learn some of the traditional ways of knowing of our people so that they may continue to create a place to call home.

Let us honor those fathers and grandfathers in a good way. Say a prayer for them. Let’s make an effort to thank them for all they did for us.



Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement Sign

“A Place to Call Home”

**The Fathers and Grandfathers of the
Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement**

Here are their stories...

Anderson, Oliver

1903-1986

Written by: Susie Seguin-Robinson, daughter

A nomad, Oliver defined that word. Prior to his marriage he travelled to Montana on horseback more than once. He would visit his sister Flora Parenteau, and her husband Sam. Sam and Flora had moved there, sometimes in the early 1900's, as had some other Metis people who may have been involved with the Metis Resistance in 1885.



Oliver Anderson, taken in 1920, when he was 17 years old.

St. Paul was originally known as St. Paul de Metis, a settlement of Metis families. The bishop had requested a land base for Metis people in the area. When that became a

reality, he put a priest in charge of the organizing of this settlement. Thereafter, families settled the area with their stock, farming and gardening. One of these families was Oliver's parents, Charley, and Mary Rose Anderson (nee Cardinal). It is here at St. Paul de Metis that Oliver was born in 1903 or 1904. A copy of his baptismal certificate is available but not his birth certificate. All records would have been destroyed when the church burned to the ground.

Unfortunately, this homeland was short lived, as the priest wanted French families to move to this area, and he accomplished that by claiming that the families were not farming the land. The land titles were dissolved, and all the Metis families then had to disperse.



Mary and Oliver, with their sons, on their wedding anniversary

Oliver was the third or fourth oldest in a family of eight. His Anderson siblings included: Joe, Flora, Louis, Paul, Peter, Alexander, and Esther. He was always very close to his sister Flora. Flora was married to Sam Parenteau, and who eventually settled in Paddle Prairie.

On May 21, 1941, Oliver married a pretty young woman (Mary Berland) from LeGoff, which is near Cold Lake. Their first child Diane was born the following year, followed by eleven siblings over the years. To support his growing family, and to find work, Oliver and Mary moved frequently. The moves were from Cold Lake to Rocky Mountain House, and then back again to Cold Lake, by horse and wagon. As he and his family moved, he would work for farmers along the way, threshing, fencing and whatever labor work he could find. Mary would work with the women cooking, so she became a very good cook with a knowledge of various Ukrainian dishes.



Mary and Oliver, with their daughters, on their anniversary.

Arriving in the late fall, in Rocky Mountain House, they wintered about twenty miles west of the town. His work there would be in the forestry. For New Year celebrations, invitations came from the Sunchild and/or O'Chiese Bands. Feasts and traditional dances were part of the evening which they both loved. Oliver would join in the singing and Mary loved the round-dancing. In those days, the round dance was danced by two people dancing side by side with arms joined.

On the family moves, some of the children were born along the way, Diane was born in Rocky Mountain House, Richard and Agnes in Cold Lake, Marlene in Ponoka, Susie in Wetaskiwin, Alvin, Stanley, Oliver Jr., and Bernadine in Elk Point. Earl was born in Manning. Edwin (Eddy) and Cheryl were born in Edmonton.

In the summer of 1956, the family moved to the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement. Oliver worked in forestry with logging, along with the Parenteau family, while Mary and the children lived in Sam Parenteau's home. When Flora and Sam returned to their home from camp jobs in the spring, Oliver needed to find a home for his family. As much as Oliver wanted to live in Paddle Prairie to be near his sister, unfortunately, no homes were available. It was here in Paddle Prairie that one of his long-time friends also lived, Fred Martineau.

His next move was to Manning where Earl was born. When no homes became available in Paddle Prairie, he eventually returned for a short time to Fishing Lake Settlement. Over the years Oliver always longed to return to Paddle. He did return in 1978, but once again he had to return to the city.

Oliver, a Metis man, strong in his convictions of Cree cultural mores of humility, giving, and the Cree language. He only spoke English when he had to. He loved the deer hide gloves that Mary made him. Ornately beaded in the floral tradition of the Metis people. However, when some friend came to visit, he would present the gloves as a gift. One day Mary said, "*I have fixed your dad*". In response I replied, "*What have you done to Daddy?*" Oliver had had an accident in logging where his two fingertips were cut off. So, Mary joyfully said to us. "*This time I made the gloves to fit only his hands.*"



Oliver Anderson

A staunch Catholic, just like his sister Flora. His sons respected him, and his daughters adored him. All the Anderson sisters believed each one of them was their daddy's favorite. But I know I was his favorite.

Then, on January 4, 1986, Oliver made his last journey to the Spirit World. A great loss to his wife and family, for he held the family together by always planning family gatherings for seasonal celebrations.

Auger, Aubrey

1935 -

Written by: Julia Auger, wife

Adolphus Abraham Auger (aka Aubrey) was born in Hay Lakes, Alberta, on February 2, 1935. His parents were Napoleon Auger and Bella Laboucan. He was raised with 11 siblings, there was 6 boys: Georges, Sammy, Sylvester, Charlie, James, and Albert, and 6 girls: Clara (deceased), Marguerite, Mabel, Marie Louise, Leena and Vina. His sister Clara died in residential school in Fort Vermillion beaten by the nuns. His mother Bella raised them when his dad passed away when he was ten years old.

Aubrey married Julia Nooskey in Paddle Prairie, Alberta, on April 28, 1964. They had a blended family of five children. There were two boys: Lawrence (Wendy), Gary (Cindy), and three girls: Shirley (deceased), Sandy (Jim) and Arlene (Derek).



Aubrey Auger

Paddle Prairie has always been Aubrey and Julia's home. However, they did live in Grimshaw, Grande Prairie, St. Paul, High Level and Edmonton for work and educational purposes.

Aubrey took his Heavy Equipment Operator training in Fort McMurray in 1972. He worked in road construction for 26 years. Due to an accident, he lost sight in one eye and two toes on his left foot.

Aubrey speaks Cree and English fluently. His primary language is Cree. He enjoys his quiet time, western movies, music, and dancing.

He was raised as Catholic, going to church, and getting baptized.



Aubrey Auger

Auger, Napolean

1924-1946

Written by: Vina Auger, daughter

Our dad, Napolean Auger, was born and raised at the Baptiste Lake, close to Athabasca. His parents were William Auger and Catherine Cardinal. His siblings were Philip Auger, Margaret Ghostkeeper (Kapchuksen), Madeline House, and Betsy. His grandparents were Jean Baptiste Auger and Suzanne Thomas.

Napolean's first wife was Sophie St. Arnold. They were parents to two daughters: Dilna and Agnes. Sophie drowned in an accident, while she was pregnant with their third child. After that, Napolean left the area, leaving his two daughters with an aunt.

While in the Grouard area, he met and married Isabella (Bella) Laboucan Kennedy in July 1924. They lived a nomadic life, and homesteaded at Hay Lakes, which is now known as Chateh. Here they basically lived off the land, raising cows, pigs, chickens, and gardens, and hunting and trapping.



Napolean & Bella Auger

While out on the trapline one day, the priest came by with a horse and sleigh, as it was winter time, and scooped up the four of the younger children: Mabel, Margaret, Sammy, and Sylvester. He took them to St. Henry's Residential School. While there, Mabel died after a beating by a nun because she couldn't read. Sylvester remembered how cold it was, as they camped along the way to Fort Vermillion.

The Auger family eventually moved away, travelling by boat along the Mackenzie River, which connects to the Chinchaga River. The boys moved the livestock along the banks of the river. True Pioneers!

One of the boys was born along the way, under a spruce tree.

When they arrived in the Manning area, they lived in Notikewin for awhile, and then moved on to Paddle Prairie in 1939. The family owned most of the land, now Paddle Prairie owns it.

Napolean and Bella raised twelve children. The three remaining children still live in Paddle Prairie.

Papa is buried in the first cemetery, not far off the Highway 35 on the Settlement.

Beaulieu, William John

1914-2001

Written by: George Beaulieu, son

John William Beaulieu was born on November 22nd, 1914, in Fort McPherson, Northwest Territories.

William John, my dad, taught me to work hard, to have integrity, honesty, humility, and to respect others and yourself. He was proud to be a Metis man from the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement.

He said, "Son, this is how to build a log house, a barn, a shed, a fence, a smoke house, all made of logs. No nails or wire used." We broke the ground with a horse and plow. We dug our water lines with a horse and fresno.

Our neighbours north of us, Ambrose, and Eva Nooskey, were so kind and thoughtful. James and Isabelle Bellerose, the big farmers, gave our dad work, oats, and hay for the livestock. So kind. Proud. James was a good farmer. Great.

Jonas and Lavicey were so smart. Good neighbours and parents to Clifford and Malcolm. My partners, we hunted and fished together as kids. We had so much fun.

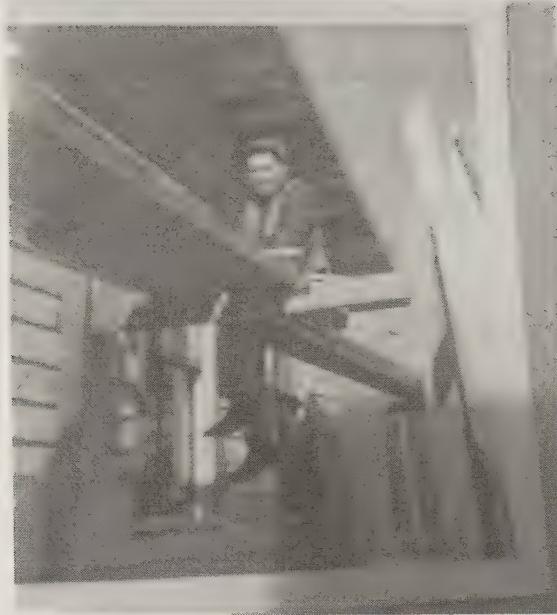
Albert Wanuch, the storekeeper, would give my mother Matilda food, even if she had no money. Albert and Florence were the storekeepers in Paddle Prairie, Alberta. He earned his heavenly home for sure, Albert, tall and proud.

"Son", dad said, "be proud to be a Metis man, a combination of White and Cree Indian. Remember Louis Riel and Gabriel Dumont both died fighting for your land and freedom. Put on your Metis sash and dance the Red River jig".

Always remember Jesus and say the Lord's prayer. Be thankful for the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement (for I [George Beaulieu] was born there in 1944).

My mother was Matilda (Johnson) Beaulieu. She told me the Johnson clan left Desmarais, Alberta, a Metis community, close to Wabasca, Alberta, in 1936. With 100 horses and 50 cows, they moved straight west to North Star. When they came to the Peace River, they tied the cows to the bulls and chased the bulls into the river. They guided the horses and cows across the river. They never lost any animals. Sam, Grace, Mary, and their family.

In 1938, they came to this land, called the Prairie. They noticed boat paddles tied to a tree. The Dogrib and Slavey people had laid claim to this rich prairie land, loaded with timber and peavine wild hay. They took down the paddles and tied up Metis sashes in their place. The local priest christened it the 'Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement'. This was told to me by my Elders, the Johnson clan.



William Beaulieu, carpenter

I first went to school in 1949-1950. We went to a big log school building with a barrel heater in the middle of the room. For Grade 1-4, my first teacher was Ms. Smith, a kind Catholic nun who turned teacher. We had a trail to the outdoor toilets. We used Sears catalogues for paper.

“Don’t drink your dad’s home brew...don’t lie, cheat or steal...Remember son, it’s not the stove or wood that keeps the family warm, it’s the love from the family, that binds the family together. Pray to Jesus son.” My Mom’s words to me.

William Beaulieu passed away in 2001. He is buried at the Paddle Prairie Cemetery.



Matilda and William Beaulieu

Calliou, Gregory

1959-2019

Written by: Mona Lisa Calliou, sister

Gregory Joseph Calliou, his parents were Robert John (Aug 10/33- Sept 24/21) and Norah Marjorie (nee Gladue). He was born on May 16, 1959, at Beaverlodge, Alberta.

Gregory passed away on November 17th, 2019, at the age of 60 yrs. He is buried in the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement cemetery.

He married Valerie Ferguson, whose parents were Donald Ferguson and Anna (nee Chalifoux), from Keg River. Greg and Valerie raised two (2) daughters, Star Lee, and Monique, and two (2) sons, Wyatt and Dallas Holden.

Greg was raised in Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement, along with all his siblings, and lived there all his life.

Gregory had four (4) brothers: Carl Robert (May 16, 1958-February 5, 2013), Dwayne Edward (October 6, 1961-Sept 25, 2021), Christopher John and Dallas Allan (Nov 21, 1972 – October 19, 1989).

Gregory also had five (5) sisters: Monalisa, Loretta, Candice, Priscilla, and Pamela.

Gregory was also a grandfather to one grandchild – Alanna (Starlee's daughter).



Gregory Calliou

Valerie was a stay-at-home mom, so the children were kept at home when Gregory was not home. Their children were not allowed to go into Paddle Prairie community and hang around. Their children were taught to be aware of strangers and “stranger danger.”

They were taught to tell parents everything, and no secrets, and the children had to be responsible and look after each other when their parents were not around. The older children looked after the younger ones.

Greg worked for forestry and various oil and gas companies, before becoming a Journeyman Carpenter. He owned the Calliou Carpentry business for over 30 years and did renovations and new home construction.

Gregory also served as a long-time Chairman of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement Council, for approximately of 36 years, up until his untimely death on November 17, 2019. He served his community well.

Gregory knew the Metis Settlements Act, from front to back, and would and could quote the exact legislation to anyone at anytime.

While Gregory was the leader, he was fierce to protect the land, the people, the culture, and the future. He did not believe in Settlement members to pay any type of taxes or levies. He said, *“As long as I am the leader here, the members will not pay any taxes”*.

Gregory was an avid hunter, trapper and outdoors man, and taught Dallas to do the same. The family ate moose, elk, ducks, geese, fish, and wild chickens, etc. They planted a garden for vegetables and gathered berries yearly. They canned moose, berries and vegetables as needed.

Gregory loved to dance and do the Red River jig, whenever possible, and country two step, waltz, and polka when he had the chance.

Gregory was a great storyteller, and really loved to tell stories to everybody, including children. He was always laughing and happy go lucky and loved telling jokes as well. He found humor to make people and children happy, and to laugh, and forget about their troubles, even if only for a little awhile.

Gregory gathered traditional roots and herbs for wild tea and traditional medicine(s). He hunted wild game for the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement youth cultural camp(s), and for the elders, and for families that could not hunt for themselves.

He was raised Catholic and attended church whenever possible. He had a strong belief in God and prayed all the time.

For ceremonial and spiritual reasons, Gregory played the drum, and when asked, he would play at the funerals or whatever function.

Gregory was very proud to be “Metis”! One time a member or members took him to court, alleging he was “Treaty”. Gregory won the said court case and would say,

“I am a bonafide Metis, because I won the case and have proof; otherwise, I would have lost the case”.



Bob Ghostkeeper, Art Tompkins, Gregory Calliou, and Blake Desjarlais at the MSGC office in Edmonton, Alberta.

The picture above is of when Greg and Bob Ghostkeeper went to Edmonton to pick up the \$3,000,000 cheque for the homes destroyed by the Chuckegg Fire in 2019.

On June 8, 2019, Gregory invited the Metis Settlement General Council executive, and 35 councillors from the other 7 Metis Settlements to come to Paddle Prairie and see first hand the immense damage caused by the Chuckegg Creek fire.

Gregory said, “we are going to get the money because of “friendship” and them feeling sorry for us, and what the fire had done to our Settlement. I have known some of those people over 30 years. It’s good to have some good friends”.

Gregory was very fluent in Cree, and spoke Cree and English to the children hoping, they would learn Cree. However, Valerie only spoke English and the children did not speak Cree.

Some of the knowledgeable health practices they did to ensure the wellness of their family were:

- keep warm and dry
- try not get cold or wet
- drink lots of water
- take vitamins
- any prescribed medication
- drink wild tea and herbs when sick

Cardinal, Jean Marie (Peeweno)

1910-?

Written by: Doreen Batchelor, daughter

Dad, better known as Peeweno to his friends. Dad was born on February 24, 1910, in Slave Lake, Alberta. His parents were Jean Felix Cardinal and Lucie Courtoreille.

Dad never spoke too much of his stay at the residential school he attended. The only time he said anything was when he was 16 years old the priest was going to hit him with a strap, and he took the strap away from the priest and left the mission.

He knew multiple languages, such as Blackfoot, Cree, Dene, and English. He was an avid reader and could write very well. He also had a great memory, and never forgot his children's, his wife's, or his grandchildren's birthdays.

Dad and Mom (Mary Jane Christian) were married on the 29th day of March 1937, in Fort Vermillion, Alberta. Dad was 28 years old, and Mom was 17 years old. They raised 10 children of their own, plus numerous grandchildren that called them Mom and dad, or Mosom or Kohkom.

Dad was a trapper and a hunter. He was also a guide for American hunters in the spring and the fall. Dad knew about medicinal medicine, which he passed on to his children and grandchildren.

Life was not easy, but as children we always had enough to eat and amused ourselves. I remember our dad showing us how to make a whistle out of a tree branch, and also moose calls.

Dad was a great drummer and would play his hand drum in the evening and sing. He would attend and play at Paddle Prairie when they had Tea Dances.

Back then, Mom and dad would also go picking berries with Octave and Bertha Parenteau back in the Naylor Hills. The Parenteaus would bring their team of horses with a wagon and pick up our parents.

Community was strong back then, and people helped each other. Dad worked at helping to build the Keg River School (Dr. Mary Jackson School). Dad would also sometimes take Dr. Jackson out to see her patients on dog team in the winter.

He is buried in the Keg River Cemetery.

Written by: Audrey Breaker

Mr. Jean Cardinal (Peeweno) was well known as a very knowledgeable bush man, and excellent hunter and trapper. He was also a multilingual man. He spoke at least three languages as far as I know, and maybe more.

Him and his wife Jean raised their family in the Keg River area.

My husband (Robert Breaker) had the privilege of meeting, camping, and hunting with Peeweno in the summer of 1975. He told me this story.

We had gone home to Paddle Prairie for a visit during that summer. We were probably only home a day, and the next morning, my dad (Octave) tells Bob, "*Okay get your stuff together, we are going hunting*". I thought he was joking, but he wasn't. So, my dad, Bob, and my son Douglas, who was about 8 years old at the time, packed up their bed rolls and grub box and loaded it all in the wagon. My dad liked to travel with a team and wagon when he went on his hunting trips.

I was a little worried about the hunting trip, as my son and husband were not hunters, and didn't have much bush experience. My dad never took a tent, for shelter, only a tarp for a lean-to. So off they went. My dad had a horse tied to the back of the wagon.

When they got to the hill north of the Keg River Cabins, they stopped to pick up Peeweno, his son John, and grandson Randy. They turned east from there and travelled down a road, which eventually turned into a wagon trail, leading to the south Keg River and Bannock Flats area. This was a good hunting area, as there was a 'moose lick' down there.

A few miles into the bush, my dad stops the team, and tells my husband Bob to get on the horse that was tied to the wagon. When he got on the horse, he realized that the horse was not broke to ride. My dad kept the horse tied to the wagon, leading it, with Bob on his back, and it did everything it could to buck him off. Luckily, he was a former bareback rider with experience before that.

When they got to where they were going to camp that night, they unloaded their stuff, and made camp. Old timers like to sit around and tell stories. After they had supper, and were sitting around drinking tea, my dad introduced Bob to Peeweno. He told him, "*This is my son-in-law, Bob Breaker. He is Blackfoot*".

Peeweno immediately welcomed him, and started talking to him in high Blackfoot, the language only the older people know and use. Bob was shocked to hear his language, and spoken so eloquently, way up in the bush.

When Bob asked him about how he learned the language, Peeweno told him that he had been hospitalized for five years in Edmonton with fellows from the Pikuni Nation in southern Alberta. They were the ones who taught him the Blackfoot language. My husband was so impressed and spoke highly of Peeweno. Needless to say, they enjoyed their hunting trip, even though it rained for nearly all the ten days they were in the bush.

Chalifoux, David

1942-

Written by: Edna Cameron, niece

Written as dictated by my uncle David Chalifoux and I got information from his sister Melanie on growing up. This is his story:

I was born on February 2, 1942, in Keg River, Alberta. My parents were Lucy and Antoine Chalifoux.

We lived in Paddle Prairie while I was growing up and for most of my life. My parents only spoke Cree to my seven sisters and me at home. When I started school, I learned to speak English as my second language, with help from the kids who told me how to say words and what they meant. I quit school at age fourteen in grade six.

We went to the Catholic Church. When I was a kid, our medicine was cod liver oil pills and castor oil mixed with orange juice.

We had a large garden with fresh vegetables, and we picked fresh berries and peppermint leaves for tea. My mom snared rabbits and hunted deer. I often went with her.

I worked on my dad's farm and helped him with the chores. My dad grew grain, we farmed and sold it. We fed, watered, and cared for chickens, cows, pigs, turkeys and horses. We hauled snow and melted it on the wood cook stove in the winter. I chopped wood and made fires in our barrel shaped wood heater to heat the cabin.

We travelled and went to school on a sleigh with horses. Our winter fun was sliding down steep hills, listening to the radio, and going to dances. We travelled by covered wagon and camped in a tent at Carcassou on summer holidays.

My dad's friend, Fred Nooskey, played fiddle when he came to visit, dad taught us kids to jig, and my mom was a tea dancer.

I decided to go to work for a farmer. My jobs were: driving tractor, plowing, disking, and harrowing. The work was easy, and I enjoyed doing it. I worked there for a few years making two dollars a day. When I went to work for the farmer he paid every Saturday, money went a long-ways back then. If I had one hundred dollars, I was rich. I bought my own jeans and shirts for a couple of dollars each.

The first time I went trapping I was seventeen years old. I learned how to set snares from other people when I was growing up. I snared squirrels, rabbits and set bigger snares for lynx. In the winter time I also set snares under ice for beavers. For spring hunting, I shot beaver and moose. I fleshed the hides with a knife, cutting and scraping the meat and fat off the fur. I made loops with willows to shape them, or sometimes I nailed them on a board to dry them out.

I sold the fur for Lynx at twenty dollars (\$20) each. Squirrels were sold for thirty-five cents (\$0.35) each, and beavers were sold at fifteen (\$15) to twenty (\$20) dollars each.

We also hunted moose for our meat, and mom used the hide to make mukluks, moccasins, gloves, and coats for our family, and sometimes she sold them as well.



David Chalifoux

I went slashing cutlines for Skipper Villeneuve when I got older. I ran grader for Jim Moffat, west of Rainbow Lake. I ran grader for RKM around High Level. Then west of Paddle Prairie, I built winter roads in the bush. I used snow and water to smooth the rough road out.

Randy Cardinal hired me ten years ago, and I have been with him since then, working year around. I do some carpentry work for him in the spring. I also do farm work in the summer. I cut and bail hay and fix fence. In winter, we make ice roads in the bush.

I had a family of seven kids.

I love riding horses. I bought some cows but did not have the land to support them, so I had to sell them. My goal now is to get more cows on my land and raise them for the meat.

I worked hard most of my life. I am turning eighty on my next birthday, and I am still employed. I have no plans of retiring.

God bless you.

Chalifoux, Ronnie

1958-2021

Written by: Doreen & Dennis Bowe, cousin

Ronnie Chalifoux, nicknamed by locals as 'Nine', was born and raised in Paddle Prairie. He was the son of Adeline Chalifoux and Tommy Parenteau. Ronnie was well known over the years. The local kids would get excited and holler at Ronnie when they'd see him. They all knew him by 'Nine.' He took the time to talk and joke with everyone.

Ronnie's grandma Lucy Chalifoux raised him. He assisted her with hunting, and trapping, and also tanning and scraping hides among many other things. She made many things with the hides, mukluks, vests, moccasins, and pin on miniature moccasins, to name only a few.



Ronnie and his Grandma Lucy Chalifoux

Ronnie was kind and generous. He helped local friends and relatives with collecting firewood, fixing things, and raising and harvesting food for the animals, including his own horses. He pretty much always had at least one horse, but usually more.

Ronnie was an avid horseman, trainer, and breaker of many green horses, for himself, as well as others. Ronnie was a cowboy, and entered several rodeos, where he won. He won a black bridal at one, among other prizes. His brother, Darcy (Beattle) Chalifoux, also entered one at Paddle Prairie with Ronnie. Darcy rode bare back, but did not survive, sadly.

Life was never the same for Ronnie again. He carried on best he could but suffered so many losses including his grandma Lucy.



Ronnie and his team

Ronnie was also a firefighter. He flew out to camp many times, fighting fire with nephews, brothers, and friends from Paddle. His nephew died in one crash coming back from a fire.

Ronnie had to stop fighting fire, as his already damaged lungs got worse. He developed a severe case of emphysema. He even had to take his wood heater out of his house.

Ronnie spent several winters out horse logging with some of the locals. They would pull a mobile cabin and stay out in the bush to stay with the horses and get long hours in. Ronnie had his own team working. He was out horse logging, with his dad Tommy, the one of a few times we went to see him.

Sadly, Ronnie met with his demise in a house fire in his own home. He and his fiancé lost their lives the night of January 5, 2021. Ronnie's kindness and his sense of humor will be forever missed. He is buried in the Paddle Prairie Cemetery.



Ronnie Chalifoux

Written by: Pearl Derksen, cousin

Ronnie David Chalifoux was born in Manning, Alberta, on October 19, 1958, weighing four pounds. He had lung problems at birth. His birth mom was Adeline Chalifoux, and he was adopted by his grandparents Antoine and Lucy Chalifoux. They brought him home from the hospital in a wicker basket and a pillow which was used as his bed. David their only son accepted him as his little brother.

Between 1958-59, David, and Eddy Parenteau made the lumber for the house that Ronnie was raised in south of Paddle Prairie, by the tower. Ronnie's grandpa Antoine farmed their land until he passed away. He grew up watching grandma cook on a wood cook stove, which also heated the house. His winter chores included hauling snow to melt water for drinking, cooking, washing clothes, bathing, and house cleaning.

He always had the highest appreciation and love for Grandma Lucy. Cod liver oil pills and castor oil mixed with orange juice was his main medicine to keep sickness away. His lungs were a regular health issue. He was quite susceptible to bronchitis.

Ronnie always worked as a firefighter throughout the summers, never allowing his lungs to hinder his work. At the end of his life, he had COPD. Grandma Lucy taught him about God in the Catholic faith.

One of the most touching stories he told about her faith was when a Catholic friend brought over a video, "The Passion of Christ." They sat together watching it, not understanding a word that was spoken in the movie. He said, Grandma sat there, tears flowing and bawled throughout the whole movie. She believed in Jesus, and he knew that God is real. Whatever happened in his life, he lived in that same way. When grandma passed away, Ronnie missed her very much.

He grew up speaking the Cree language and was fluent in it. He did not know English. This became an issue for him when he started school. He was mistreated in school by his teachers. Grandma took him out of school. Katherine Lariviere intervened by getting them a place to live in Peace River and got him into a school to help him learn the language and to read and write. They eventually returned to Paddle, where he returned to school. He learned English and became fluent in two languages.

He had a gentle countenance, like his mom, Adeline, and he was well known as a quiet a gentle spirit. His mother, Adeline eventually moved back to Paddle. They reconnected, along with his siblings they loved each other dearly and became a close-knit family. His extended family of cousins and sister enjoyed spending time with him.

(Continued on next page)

Ronnie's resilience developed quite early in life. He experienced loss at the age of nine when Grandpa Antoine died. The loss was quite difficult for him and grandma. To refocus she moved off the farm by the tower and into Paddle Prairie. She got a house for her & Ronnie to live in from the settlement.

Ronnie quit school at a young age, keeping busy, and helping grandma with chores. He hauled snow, chopped wood, and made fires to keep the house warm. He and grandma set snares for rabbits and used the fur for mukluks. Ronnie hunted with his uncle David.

A neighbour had horses and got Ronnie to ride them; this is how he learned how to break horses. Grandma bought Ronnie a horse, he rode it everywhere he went. He rode bucking horses in rodeos, and he won 1st prize a couple of times. Ronnie was an outrider on the wagon trails from Paddle Prairie to both High Level and to Manning.

Ronnie broke horses. This was the method they used: they walked behind the saddled horses with long lines and put a trip rope on the horse. They would whack the horses with the lines and yell whoa! This would teach them to stop when they yelled. After they got them to stop, they steered them, and finally they would lead them, tied on to the saddle horn, it's called snubbing. As the horses behaved and got better, they would get more rope.

Ronnie and one of his cousins were best buddies. They broke teams of horses, went on trail rides, hunted, and trapped together.

Gaucher, George

1891-1980

Written by: Irene Loutitt, daughter

My father was born in 1891, in Lac St. Anne, Alberta. His parents were Isabelle (Calliou) and Patrick Gaucher. His mother passed away when he was twelve years of age, so his grandmother, Eliza Wabasca raised him. He had one brother, Noel, who passed away when he was an infant.

After his mother passed away, his father married Justine Cardinal and they had two sons: Henry and Edward.

During this time, they lived in Grouard, Alberta. That is where they were residing when World War I broke out, and my father was drafted by the military service in November 1917 at the age of 26.

He came from a large extended family: 10 Gauchers, and 10 Callious. He and my mother had tallied up his cousins and they came up with a count of 104.

In 1933, he married my mother Mary Agnes Whitford. Together they raised six boys: Patrick, Walter, John, Wilson, Norman, Russell, and adopted a grandson Gordon, and three girls: Alice Grenier, Irene Loutitt, and Florence Gaucher. To the siblings, Gordon is a brother.

In 1943, my parents moved to Paddle Prairie. Their mode of travel was horse and wagon and, as well they used pack horses to carry their supplies. The four younger children were born in Paddle Prairie: Norman, Irene, Russell, and Florence.

Prior to this move they lived in Eureka River, and then squatted on the outskirts of the Sturgeon Lake First Nation. My father had relatives in Sturgeon Lake, so they wanted to be close so they could visit.

My dad was a trapper, hunter, and farmer. He loved the bush life and had cabins on his traplines. He would stay out there for weeks at a time. I used to get lonely for him.

In the fall he would bag at least two moose and a lot of dry meat was made. We didn't have electricity, so the meat had to be preserved one way or another. My dad also had an ice house, which was ice covered with sawdust. He was also a very talented gardener. We had a huge garden, and he spent many hours there.



My dad George in Edmonton, Alberta.

My father was also a horseman. We had many horses and I even had three of my own. At one point in his life, he also trained race horses for a gentleman somewhere in the Grande Prairie area.

He was the best story and legend teller that I knew. My favorite memory as a young child is when I would get up early in the morning after he had made a fire in the stove and have breakfast with him. Nobody else was awake and then he would tell me stories and legends until I fell asleep again. I will never forget those days.

The most thankful and wonderful gift my father gave me is the Cree language. I speak it fluently. I am so very happy he demanded that.

As I was growing up, we always had lots of horses. At one point I had three of my own that my father gave to me. In those days owning a horse was like owning a car in these modern days. We also had a couple of cows, chicken, and pigs. We had eggs all the time and roast chicken dinners every Sunday.

During threshing season, the food was always extra special! There was one threshing machine available in our community to all farmers, and so they would go from farm to farm, and work together to get the crop off.

Even though my dad had a crippled leg, he was a hard worker and never gave up. He rode horses until he was in his eighties.

My brothers worked together to build corrals on our land, and they held community rodeos on Sunday afternoons. Because of the many horses we had, they were able to do this. It was a great recreational activity.



This was taken in 1974 at my wedding. He was 85 years old.

My dad passed away on February 4th, 1980. He is buried in the Paddle Prairie Cemetery.

Ghostkeeper, Adolphus

1893-1989

Written by: Noella Richard, granddaughter

Adolphus Ghostkeeper (Richard) was born in Grouard, Alberta in 1893.

Adolphus heard about the opportunity to register for land for the Metis people in northern Alberta in 1938. He was residing in High Prairie at the time, as a successful farmer.

When he heard about the Keg River #1 Colony, he drove his Model T Ford to Manning, and then walked with his brother, John Felix, to Paddle Prairie to stake out his quarter section of land.

In 1938, Adolphus brought his family on a freight train from High Prairie to Grimshaw, and then by horse drawn wagons to Manning, where they spent the winter. In the spring of 1939, they travelled north on a wagon trail, up to Paddle Prairie. He was one of the first families to settle on the Keg River #1 Colony, now known as the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement.

Unfortunately, 7-month-old Hazel did not survive the long journey. She was buried in the first Paddle Prairie cemetery, which is on the Houle's land.

Adolphus had livestock such as horses, cows, pigs, and chickens. He cleared the land and used four horses to pull the plow and plant his crops. He had a plow, disk, harrows, and seed drill, which he had brought with him from High Prairie.

Adolphus donated a portion of his land for the development of the Administration Office, the Sawmill, and the school grounds. He helped build the first log store, the log school house, and the Catholic Church.

Adolphus was a highly religious person and had his family attend church regularly. He was one of the main singers in church and would primarily select Cree songs. He would house the visiting Priests whenever they came to Paddle Prairie.

On Sundays, the first settlers on the Keg River #1 Colony would gather at Adolphus's house. They would bring their kids and lunch, and the adults would play baseball.

Before the freight boats delivered merchandise on the river, Adolphus would drive his team of horses to Keg River Post Hudson Bay store to purchase them. This is about 20 miles away from Paddle Prairie.

Adolphus spoke Cree and English. He knew how to read and write in Cree syllabics.

He helped out other farmers with his team of horses and farm machinery.

Adolphus and his second wife Elsie had 12 children together, and he had 3 children from his first wife, who had passed away.

Adolphus refrained from alcohol, tobacco usage and dancing throughout his life. The majority of his elderly years were spent in prayer and reflection.

Adolphus was part of the historic Elders Federation of Metis Settlements Association conference in 1979 where they discussed the past & future of the Metis Settlements. This was the birth meeting of the Metis Settlements Federation flag.



This is an artist's rendering of the first Metis Settlement Council. Adolphus Ghostkeeper is on the left, in the front row.

Houle, Clarence

1936-

Written by: Gary Houle (son) & Laura Tapson (granddaughter)

Clarence Wilbert Houle was born March 8, 1936, in Clear Hills, Alberta, to Emilie Houle (nee. St Arnold) and Louis Houle. He was the 12th born of 14 children: 11 sisters and 3 boys.

There was no road to Paddle Prairie when they first moved there in 1945. They hired a truck to haul them in through the bush road, and then forged through the Keg River. They brought a cow and two horses with them when they moved there. They lived in Joe Calliou's house for two winters, as he wasn't living in Paddle at the time. Then they built their own square timber house on the settlement.

His parents could speak French, Cree and English and would mostly speak French at home. He can speak Cree fluently and learned to speak from his friends, the Auger boys.

His dad, Louis Houle, was a teamster and a trapper before arriving at Paddle Prairie. He didn't trap after he got to Paddle. He provided for them growing up by hunting, doing carpenter work, and living off the land. His mom, Emilie Houle, was the midwife in Paddle for many years.

Clarence went to school in Paddle until grade 8, then he went to work driving a water truck. He was 14, and this was the start of his long road of working. He is one of the hardest workers out there. He is an inspiration and model for his children and grandchildren about the value of working hard and giving it your all.



Norma & Clarence Houle

After driving a water truck, he drove a log truck for a couple of years and started running cat for seismic.

In 1954, when he was 18, he and Norma Martineau married. They had 8 children, five boys and three girls.

After they got married, Clarence lived in the house that his parents had built. He and Norma lived there for five years. They then moved into a different place further away, about a kilometre from the community. That area continues to be home to Houle's today.

Clarence always provided for his family. Throughout his life, while he worked, he also grain farmed and raised cattle, often around 40-50 head of cattle. Hunting kept a steady flow of moose meat in the house. While he would go out working every winter, Norma and the kids would take care of the cows, chickens, pigs.

In the winter of 1957 and 1958, he and Sunny Bellerose trapped squirrels. It was a \$1.00 dollar a squirrel, which was good money at that time.

It was hard work making a living in those early days, but there was still time for fun. Dancing was a big part of life. There were a couple of places with fiddle players that would take the partitions down in the house and make room for dancers.

Summers were a time of playing baseball. Clarence was a back catcher. They always had really good ball teams and would play teams around the north, including places like Fort Vermillion, High Level, and Rocky Lane.

Clarence never shied away from hard work and applied his talent and drive to being a business owner. He bought his first Cat around 1970, an old D4 Alice Chalmer; he used it for logging. Then he bought a Caterpillar 17A and used it to build roads around Paddle Prairie.

Around 1975 he purchased two more cats. In 1982, he formed Houle and Sons Construction with his wife and two of his sons, Gary, and Louis. At one point, they had over 40 pieces of equipment. They worked all throughout Alberta and northern British Columbia for over 37 years.



The famous Paddle Prairie Broncos, coached by Clarence Houle

After Houle & Sons closed their business in 2011, Clarence continued working. At 65 years of age, he horse logged for three winters in Paddle. After that, he worked every winter running cat in Zama City. His last winter working was the winter of 2020 at the age of 84.

Clarence has lived in Paddle Prairie most of his life, except a few times when his kids were young. The family moved to Manning in the early '70s for the kids to go to school. Education was always encouraged and valued; he and Norma encouraged their kids to go as far as they wanted to in education.

Clarence continued to work in Paddle and would go back and forth from Paddle to Manning. While living in Manning, Clarence's boys started playing hockey. He loved watching his kids play hockey and loves watching his grandkids play. Three of the kids ended up playing junior level hockey, Raymond, Terence, and Clarence Jr.

Clarence finally decided to embrace full retirement and lives in Paddle Prairie on the Chinchaga River, down the Good, the Bad and the Ugly Road. His door is always open, and he has a steady stream of visitors. Family and friends love nothing more than to go to the Chin and spend time with him, catching an Oilers game of hockey or getting beat in a game of crib.

Houle, Louis

1888-1972

Written by Jeannette Vos, daughter

My dad, Louis Houle was born in Glasgow, Montana on December 31st, 1888.

My Mom and Dad were married in Athabasca, Alberta, on January 13, 1914. They began their many years of married life on the Shaftsbury Trail in Peace River, Alberta.



Louie & Emilie Houle on their wedding day in 1914.

Their first child, Josephine, was born on October 18th, 1914. They settled in the Clear Hills area, where their children Flavian, Agnes, Margaret, Bertha, Betsy, Stella, Florence, Raymond, and twins Thelma and Velma were born. My dad delivered the twins. My brother Flavian had gone to get help. Clarence was born in Golden Ridge, Alberta.

My parents moved to Notikewin, Alberta, where I was born on January 20th, 1940, the first baby my mother had in a hospital. I was also the first baby delivered in the newly built Battle River Hospital. My baby picture is in the entry hall of the hospital, which is now a museum.

In the spring of 1942, we moved to Paddle Prairie, Alberta. We lived in Joe Calliou's place while my dad built our house.

On June 17th, 1945, Connie was born in Peace River, Alberta. My mom went on the Sullivan Ferry to Peace River. My older brother, Flavien, had gone to work on the Alaska Highway, and Josephine, Agnes, and Margaret were married. Bertha and Betsy joined the Air Force.

Stella and Florence went to live with our sister Agnes, where they went to school. Raymond also went but came back to help our dad farm. He worked in Keg River for Dr. Jackson. He rode his horse King. I remember him coming home in the winter covered in frost.

Our life in Paddle Prairie was very happy. We all had chores to do, although I can honestly say my twin sisters were the best workers. One summer they picked wild strawberries, and my mother canned 100 quarts. They were older than me, and they took me everywhere. But I only ate berries, so I was not too helpful. However, our cellar was full of potatoes, so they dug lots of vegetables. They picked blueberries, cranberries, and saskatoons. There were shelves of berries in the winter.

My dad wanted us to have an education, something he never had. It was very important that we should all have an education. He was a kind, but stern, man.

I only remember being loved by both my parents. They worked hard and provided all we really needed. I loved my life as a child in Paddle Prairie.

I could write for days of the memories of the sport days, the Christmas concerts, the things we did in school. Lyle Martineau was my best friend from before we went to school, and he looked out for me when we started school. We went to ball games in Keg River.

Through all my early years, we did not own a car. So, we travelled by horse and wagon.

I am grateful that I was raised with a firm foundation. We went to church. Which I found in my later years to be so helpful when my oldest son drowned. Then my youngest son died of a massive heart attack.

My mom and dad had given me so much love, I know they helped me through the rough times.

We moved to Grande Prairie in 1952, where we went to St. Joseph's Catholic School. The twins went to St. Joseph College and graduated with very high marks. I was Grade 9 at the time.

We left Clarence and the chickens behind in Paddle Prairie.

I remember crying all the way to Bluesky. I missed Clarence very much, and worried about him being alone. Dad had had a vey severe stroke. He was told he could not work anymore.

Then we moved to Parksville, B.C. I went to Qualicum Beach High School and graduated on the honour roll. Dad and Mom made sure we got our education. This was very important to them.



Louie & Emilie Houle on their 50th wedding anniversary.

Dad was very happy on the Island, but Mom wanted to live in Alberta. So, they moved back to Manning in 1958. They were so fortunate to have a nice back yard, close to the Snack Shack. They spent these years enjoying the people nearby.

My dad loved my three sons so much. He loved all his grandchildren. I always felt he was like the ambassador of our area in Manning. He spoke to everyone he met, and he loved that Clarence's boys played hockey there. He loved people, and he was a very wonderful father to our family. Though he was an uneducated man, he was very smart and had a lot of good common sense.

Houle, Raymond (Pasquale)
Written by: Jeannette Vos, sister

I would like to pay tribute to a special person in my life – my brother Raymond (Pasquale) Houle. Thank you for being who you were, to me and all my sisters. Thanks for sharing the good and the bad, and our own personal tragedies. From you I learned how to be tolerant and to forgive.

As a child, I remember the happiness you brought to our home.



Raymond Houle (Pasquale) in the back, with Clarence to his left, and Jeannette to his right.

When you went away, we missed you terribly. It's no wonder when our mother was dying from cancer, she waited until you made it home from your job in the Arctic. Due to the weather, you were unable to fly out. You caught the bus to Manning, changed your clothes to visit her, and she left us within 2 hours on October 4, 1978.

There is a saying that suits Pasquale: "*we try not to sing songs about ourselves*".

We were taught to have strong attitudes, high standards, high values, and to believe in God. I remember my dad saying to me: "*Jeannette, think, get involved, use your own judgement. A person who doesn't think for himself, doesn't move forward.*" Though he was uneducated, he was an intelligent man.

Go, I must, for time will be lost, if I sit too long at a friend's fire.



Lyle Martineau & Raymond Houle, performing

House, Fred

1942-2003

Written by: Tina House

FATHER - LEADER- LEGEND

"I'm Fred House's daughter" – these are the most, proudest words I can ever say. As I reflect back on who my father was – he was many things to many people.

As a father he was the kindest, most thoughtful, and loving parent I could have ever hoped for. He showed me and my five other siblings Michael, Sandra, Steve, Ramona, and Cheri how to become good people and to always help others. In fact, we shared our dad with so many other kids who didn't have a father figure like we did.

For example, he always had a pot of soup boiling on the stove and fried potatoes – oh how he loved his fried potatoes. No matter the circumstances of how you ended up on his doorstep he would invite you in – offer you a bowl of soup and fried potatoes, then tell you so many good stories that always erupted into loud laughter. If anyone needed a ride and he had a bit of gas left in the tank, he wouldn't hesitate – if you needed to borrow money, he would give you his last \$20 in his wallet. That's who my dad was – a humble man with a golden heart who loved his family and community immensely.

He was born in Faust, Alberta on April 15th, 1942, to Annie and Peter House. He came from a large family, which included his brothers Max, James, Alex, Ray, Clyde, Gerry and his sisters Beatrice, Rose-Marie, Ivy and Margaret. They were all raised in Paddle Prairie, Alberta and my father told me back in those days- it was a tough living. Money was tight and they had to work hard to grow their food, trap, and hunt and try to work doing whatever they could do to earn money. Aunty Ivy told me Grandpa Pete would get up early and go deep into the bush to saw and cut wood to sell. Often times, my grandma Annie would knit homemade socks and bake homemade goods for Christmas presents.

My dad always said, although times were tough, there was always a lot of love and good memories of them growing up.

On April 12th, 1966, my dad married my beautiful mother Melba Supernault in Paddle Prairie, Alberta. My mom says when they got married in '66, my dad worked at the Hudson Hope Dam – he was a very skilled heavy equipment operator and was requested by the union to do the finishing work on the dam. He worked on many construction jobs throughout his life. My oldest sister Sandra now follows in his footsteps.

As a Metis leader, he inspired thousands of Metis people to be proud of who they are, to fight for their rights and to never give up. Many would say he was a born leader.

It was in 1968, that my dad told me that he came home from working on a construction job and walked into his yard to find his mother Annie House standing in front of five or six other Metis people sitting in the grass. My dad said he walked over, sat on his lunch box, and watched his mother tell everyone that they deserved a better

education, that they deserved equal rights as the First Nations and Inuit people, that they deserved better paying jobs and housing. My dad said it was at that moment he saw what a true leader his mother was, and he says the flame was lit inside of him- to also become a leader of his people.

By the next year, in 1969, my Grandmother Annie co-founded the first political Metis movement in British Columbia called the B.C. Association of Non-Status Indians (BCANSI) along with Butch Smitheram, who was the founding President. The organization represented not only Metis people, but also First Nations people who somehow lost their Indian status.

In 1970, the night before the B.C.A.N.S.I. Annual General Assembly, my dad went to go see Butch Smitheram to discuss some concerns that the other members of the organization had. Mainly, that Mr. Smitheram still worked full-time for the federal government, meanwhile trying to represent B.C.A.N.S.I. Many saw this as a conflict, so my dad said he went to ask Butch to quit his job and to fully represent the people. Mr. Smitheram told him “*No*”, he wasn’t going to do that. So, my dad told me he looked Butch in the eye and said, “*well, I’m going to have to run against you in the election.*”

The very next day, at the age of 29 years old, my dad was elected as President of B.C.A.N.S.I.



Fred, in Stanley Park.

He literally hit the ground running. He packed up his car with his trusty guitar in the back window and travelled across B.C. meeting with people and encouraging them to join the organization. He had a vision and a dream for a better future for his people. He told me it took a lot of eating bannock and drinking tea with complete strangers, who would invite him into their homes to discuss the goals of the organization.

My dad was like that – completely down to earth, welcoming, extremely quick witted, and trustworthy. In fact, my Uncle Gerry recently told me that my dad and grandmother would drive two matching Volkswagen Bug cars as they recruited new members.

Before they knew it, they established 70 Locals of B.C.A.N.S.I. across B.C. They established the Coyote Credit Union, which provided small business loans and investments for entrepreneurs. B.C.A.N.S.I. also worked hard to advocate with the federal government to provide social housing to help with the deplorable housing conditions that Metis and Non-Status Indians were dealing with in the 1970's.



Dad at a Premier's meeting in B.C.

It was through that advocacy that B.C. Native Housing was formed and still exists today. B.C.A.N.S.I. also established the Native Court Workers, which still provides province-wide assistance to Indigenous people going through the court system. My Grandma started a Friendship Centre in Dawson Creek, B.C., which my mom named the Nawican Friendship Centre.

My dad was also known as the "singing politician". Whenever he had some high-level government meetings, he first would pull out his guitar and sing a song. Usually, it was a song called "Crystal Chandaliers", originally sang by Charlie Pride. This would immediately break the ice and then my dad would get down to business.

It was early in his political career that he flew to Ottawa with his Vice President Leonard Gauthier, with the goal of going to meet the Prime Minister of Canada (who at that time was the Honourable Pierre Elliott Trudeau). My dad said he and Leonard went to the House of Commons and watched the proceedings from the public viewing gallery. My dad noticed which door the Prime Minister entered in from and said “*Come on Len follow me.*” Leonard, who was a bit unsure of my dad’s tactics, followed him anyway.

My dad pulled their rental car around to the back of the building at noon, when they were breaking for lunch. Sure enough, a big stretch limo was idling, and a driver holding the back door open when they pulled up. The Prime Minister then got into the limo, and they pulled away. My dad and Leonard followed him, and when they got to a stop light on Parliament Hill, my dad got out of the car. He went and knocked on the back window of the limousine. After a few minutes, the window slowly rolled down and my dad reached in and shook Pierre Elliott Trudeau’s hand. He said, “*Mr. Prime Minister, my name is Fred House and I represent the Metis and Non-Status Indians in B.C., and we need a meeting immediately.*” My dad got that meeting the very next day and became fast friends with the Prime Minister after that. As my dad always said, “*there is no handbook on how to be a leader – you just gotta do it.*”

Throughout my dad’s incredible life as a leader, music was a big part of who he was. Elvis Presley was my dad’s idol. His classmate, Duncan McGillivray, told me that as a teenager, when the teacher would leave the room, my dad would grab a broom stick, pretend it was his microphone and do his best Elvis performance. He also had the hair to match Elvis too. My oldest brother Michael got my dad’s musical trait.

My brother Steven fondly recalls this memory:

“He would perform with the band called the Native Sons along with his best friend Howard Lizotte. They would perform on the flatbed of a semitruck and drive slowly through the streets of Dawson Creek during their annual parade. Playing music, calling out to the people, and encouraging them to dance and have fun. Everyone would hear our dad’s wise words of wisdom and strength.”

It was only at the age of 8 years old that I realized that my amazing dad was actually a leader of our people. I remember one day he drove up to see me in the little village I lived in called Pouce Coupe. When he drove up, I would chase his car like he was a rockstar – which to me he was. He told me to turn on the TV that Sunday at 3:00 pm. So that Sunday I gathered with my two best friends and sat in front of the TV, and that is when I saw my dad.

It was 1982, and he was in Ottawa giving the opening speech on behalf of the Metis National Council. I will never forget his words, and in fact his whole speech was printed on every newspaper across Canada.

Part of what he said was, “*We appeal to the Prime Minister and First leaders sitting around this table, to release the Metis from the jurisdictional strait jacket for which we have found ourselves in for decades. It matters not the blood quantum of our Indigenous identity, but rather who we are as Metis people! We will no longer be kicked around like*

a political football, and we demand to be entrenched into the Constitution of this country as one of the three distinct Aboriginal peoples, along with our brothers and sisters the First Nations and Inuit."

That fiery speech, along with pressure from all sides, forced the federal government to recognize the Metis, and put them into the Constitution for the first time. As a politician he was known to speak from the heart and be incredibly eloquent and powerful. Grand Chief Stewart Phillip of the Union of B.C. Indian Chiefs once told me that "*when my dad spoke, everyone listened.*"

My father went on to be the founding President of the Louis Riel Metis Association, and the founding Vice-President of the Metis Nation of B.C., which is still the recognized political provincial organization in B.C. for Metis people.

In 2001, my father received the **Community Development Award** from the National Aboriginal Achievement Foundation [renamed Indspire in 2012]. His proud legacy still stands strong today and is in every one of us that he loved and influenced.

My dad passed away on September 29th, 2003, but to me he isn't really gone. We love him and miss him so much, but he remains in our hearts forever. I know if my dad was still with us, he would say:

"It's time for the next generation of Metis to stand up, hold your heads high and be proud of who you are. We are the Metis, and we are powerful."



Fred & Tina at the National Aboriginal Achievement Awards in 2001.

House, Peter

1912-1991

Written by: Margaret Benson, daughter

Peter House was born on August 6, 1912, in Athabasca, Alberta (then called Moose Portage). He died on August 31, 1991, in Dawson Creek, B.C., and is buried there. He was the second child in the family.

When he was 3 years old, his family moved to North Star, Alberta, and then to First Battle, Alberta. Now called Manning. From there they moved 5 miles north to Notikewan, where his father had bought land. Dad's father Alex hauled freight from Peace River to Manning with a team of horses.

Dad was 7 years old when his father passed away during the Spanish flu epidemic of 1919, which claimed many lives. Grandma House had five children to raise alone which brought on some real hardships.

As a result, dad, and his oldest brother Joe, were sent to a mission in Peace River for one year and a half where they got their only schooling. Grandma House said that the land grandpa bought earlier helped them survive. She snared rabbits and planted a garden every year. The neighbours would share moose meat which was in abundance at the time. In those days, there was no welfare of any kind to help the families.

Everyone at home spoke only Cree. Dad was 14 years old when he killed his first moose. From then on, he provided all the moose meat that was needed to feed the family and to share with others. Grandma tanned moose hides and made moccasins for her children.

Pete met Annie Florence Ghostkeeper in Manning, Alberta. They were married in North Star, Alberta, in 1937. They lived in Manning for one year, during which time Dad was trapping. They moved to the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement in 1939.

Dad became very ill in 1939. They thought he would never recover, but with his amazing will power he pulled through, weighing only 100 pounds. Mrs. Blackbird made him medicine water (muskike wappuy) that helped him recover.

Pete and Annie raised their eleven (11) children on the Metis Settlement. By order of birth: James, Fred, Beatrice, Ivy, Rose Marie, Maxie, Margaret, Alex, Raymond, Clyde, and Gerry.

They moved around the Peace Country for a few years, where Dad worked at sawmills and harvesting for farmers. My brother Fred wrote "*In 1945 we rode the flat boat to Peace River with a tent pitched on the boat. From there we went back to Manning.*"



Pete and Annie House

They left Manning around 1952 and moved back to the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement. Dad drove a team of horses with all our belongings loaded on a hay rack. It took four days to get to Paddle Prairie from Manning, stopping to camp and eating grouse along the way. Dad built onto Grandma's house and that is where the growing family lived for a while.

We were evicted from Paddle Prairie in the mid 1950's. The Provincial Government of Alberta's Supervisor for the Metis Settlement evicted our family. The Government forced us out using the RCMP. They arrested my father while he was fencing. They were going to take him to jail unless we moved out. My mother gave in for the time being, to avoid Dad going to jail.

We packed our belongings and moved with a team and wagon to Keg River, outside the settlement. After we left, they burned our house to the ground. The RCMP had no charges against Dad. The Supervisor wanted us off the land so he could give it to his friend, a Metis who lived at the settlement. Mom used to write to the provincial government about our eviction, as there was no reason for it.

After a few months we were able to move back to Paddle Prairie and were allotted a quarter section of land and materials to build a house. My father built a big log house from scratch, with his bare hands and very few building tools. He didn't have a house plan to follow. He used his own ingenuity, determination, and common sense to do what needed to be done.

My father farmed the land and worked at the community sawmill six (6) miles from our farm. He either walked or rode a horse to and from work, which was a total of 12 miles return. He earned 45 cents an hour working on the sawmill back then. I remember when dad would get home after working all day and walking 6 miles home, us kids would be so happy to see him. We would run to meet him, and he would dig in his shirt pocket and have one stick of gum, he would tear it in pieces to give us all a piece.

We had a few cows, pigs, chickens, horses, and had a big garden. We had a dirt root cellar for storing potatoes, carrots, turnips, and onions. We had a wood stove for cooking and a wood heater to warm the house. At night time an oil lamp, and a gas mantle lamp, provided light in the house. We had an outdoor toilet and used a slop-pail during the night if needed.

The other families on the Metis Settlement lived like this too. We did not know we were poor, because we didn't know another way of living, and didn't feel like we were missing anything. Our Metis identity was strong because we grew up on a Metis Settlement and lived this way of life, with the culture, the Cree language, songs, guitar and fiddle music, dances, lots of humour and laughter.

Our family was very fortunate as our parents rarely drank alcohol and we did not experience the problems that go with it. We grew up in a safe and positive environment.

We had daily chores. The boys had to cut wood and fill the wood box, haul snow to melt for drinking water in the winter. During the summer they hauled water from a well or the creek. The girls cleaned the house, helped with laundry with a wash tub and scrub board, and hung clothes outside on the clothesline, washed the dishes, and peeled potatoes.



Pete House

There were other chores too, and lots of time to play outdoors. We used our imagination for games to play, as we did not have store bought toys, and games. Hide and seek was one of the favorites and is still a classic for kids! My personal favorite was hopscotch using a flat rock to land on a square as you hopped through the squares.

Life was simpler then with less stress and demands on the family. The rules were simple too, do what you are told, because that's how it worked, and parents were respected. Mom did the disciplining if needed. Dad was a gentle, kind man. He set examples of good behavior and worked hard to provide for his family.

Dad went to the trapline in the winter. Mom would prepare a grub box with a few staples, like tea, sugar, salt, bannock, and lard. She would boil a large pot of potatoes, mash them, and make potato patties. Dad would warm the frozen potato patties in a frying pan on an open fire.

There was always moose meat because Dad was a good hunter and trapper. Back then, the food staples were flour, baking powder, yeast, lard, margarine, salt, sugar, powdered and canned milk, tea, jam, peanut butter, Roger's golden syrup, rolled oats, macaroni, potatoes, beans, onions, and wild meat.

We picked wild berries in the summer and Mom made jam. In the spring, we gathered sap from poplar trees and ate it fresh. We gathered wild mint for tea, muskeg tea or laboom. This was all used as medicine from nature to keep us healthy.

In 1959, my family moved south temporarily, and worked the sugar beet fields in the Lethbridge area. We travelled by Greyhound bus. It was a very long bus ride from northern Alberta to southern Alberta. It was hard work in the hot sun and long days. Mom and Dad worked very hard. There was other work too. They picked yellow beans by the pound. Dad worked for farmers making hay. In the fall, they worked on the potato farms in Vauxhall.

After that, Dad bought a big Hudson car for \$140 and we returned to Paddle Prairie, stopping at campsites to eat and sleep along the way. Other families from Paddle Prairie worked the sugar beet fields in the summer and we would visit them in the evenings or on the weekends.

Eventually our family moved to Pouce Coupe, B.C., in August 1965, as the work there was better for Dad. He was hired and started work at the Hudson Hope dam, where my two brothers, James and Fred worked also.

Later, he got a job running a packer for a road construction company and became a union member. He could not believe his first big pay cheque. He was making \$1.25 an hour working in a sawmill, and with the union job he was making \$5.80 an hour! Dad worked numerous jobs with the Local 115A union. He worked on pipelines as a dragline oiler and backhoe oiler. Later, he received a retirement pension from them.

Dad used to play the fiddle, strum the guitar, and play the harmonica. He enjoyed good fiddle music. He used to go to bingo games all over the Peace country. He enjoyed playing bingo and meeting his friends there. They often would meet before the game started and play 31 or crib.

Dad was a big fan of boxing and would watch boxing matches on TV. Once, he made a trip to Edmonton to watch Evander Holyfield and Buster Douglas fight on close circuit TV for the heavyweight championship of the world. While there, he was introduced to Ken Lakusta, the former heavyweight champion of Canada. Brother Fred once got him the autographs of George Foreman and Archie Moore.

Dad was a kind, gentle man; he loved his family, and he had many friends. He worked very hard to raise his family. He deserved all the love and care that we gave him when he was sick with cancer. Brother Gerry, lived with dad and took care of him during this time. We are all grateful to Gerry for his love and dedication taking care of our dad.

When dad passed, brother Ray put his eagle feather on dad's chest. When Ray went home, he was outside and heard screeching in the sky. He looked up and saw a huge bald eagle circling overhead, screeching loudly. Ray whistled. The eagle flew closer. It hovered looking down where the sound was coming from. Another eagle flew in from the east and turned south, flying underneath the other eagle. During this time, there were two other large birds to the northwest circling each other in the air currents, like they were dancing.

Later on that day, there was a thunder and lightning storm. After that, the sun came out and there was a beautiful rainbow to the southeast. They say, 'when a great warrior dies that lightning strikes the earth.'

P.S. I give credit to brother Fred, who wrote "A Brief History of the House Family" for the House Family Reunion in 1992. This information helped me write the stories of my parents, Peter, and Anne House.

Prepared for Fathers and Grandfathers of Paddle Prairie project.

Johnston, Samuel

1905-1985

Written by: Josephine Pearson, daughter

Samuel Johnston was born in Wabasca in October 1905. When he grew older, he worked with his dad, hauling freight by boat from Wabasca to Fort Vermillion, and vice versa. Sam married Rose Savoyard on September 2nd, 1929. They raised a family of nine (9) children: Patsy, Jimmy, Rosie, Dorothy, Josephine, Delia, Samuel & Colin (twins), and Edna.

In 1937, they decided to move from Wabasca to Paddle Prairie, with a team of horses, hauling all their belongings. When they arrived there, they had to clear land by hand, and built a house for shelter for the family, and planted a garden for food.

Sam supported his family by working for the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement, hauling logs with his team of horses. In later years, Sam worked for the Metis Association of Alberta, and travelled many miles to Edmonton to attend meetings.

In 1980, my parents moved to Grande Prairie to be closer to family and made their home there. Dad passed away in October 1985, and is buried in Manning, Alberta.



The Metis Settlement Council:(from Paddle Prairie): Sam Johnston (back, middle), Richard Poitras (back, right), Adolphus Ghostkeeper (front, left), and Fred Martineau (front, middle); Adrian Hope is on the right. The others are unknown.

Written by: Esther Johnson, granddaughter

Samuel Edward Johnston was born 'when the geese flew south' in Calling Lake, Alberta to Josephine (Desjarlais) and Sam Johnston Sr.

He did not have a birth certificate until he was to turn 65 and wanted to collect his Old Age Pension. When he applied for a birth certificate, the government gave him the birthday of October 25, 1905.

He was the 3rd born of 4 living children, and the only male. Being the only male in a house of women meant he was quite spoiled by both parents and his sisters!

Sam worked with his dad, hauling freight and this was how he met my grandmother Rose Savoyard. She lived at the Catholic Residential School in Wabasca, from the age of 6 until she married my grandfather at the age of 18.

I can't imagine they had a typical dating period before they got married, as life in residential school likely wouldn't have allowed any contact. My grandmother also could not speak Cree, as that language was taken away from her and she spoke only English and French. So, no dating, and not great communication. . . I'm thinking there was only aesthetic attraction to begin with!

The *Metis Betterment Act*, passed in 1938, provided a land base for the Metis people of Alberta. In 1938, my grandfather, along with his parents, all his siblings and their families, left Wabasca and started the trek to Paddle Prairie to stake out their plots of land. Sam and Rose left with 2 children, Patricia (Flett) and Jimmy. Along the way my grandmother gave birth to my mother Rose in McLennan, Alberta. It took them a whole year to get to the end of their journey.

My grandparents built a log home and continued to grow their family of 9 (they lost 4 children). My grandfather built another home along the highway, neighboring Ambrose, and Evelyn Parenteau. I have many great memories from that house, we walked a lot of miles from there to visit with neighbors and to go to the store.

When the nursing station within the centre of Paddle Prairie became available for rent, we moved and lived in the living quarters, and my grandma cleaned the waiting room and examination room when there was still a visiting nurse. When the nurse no longer came to Paddle Prairie, we lived in the entire house.

Like many of the men in Paddle Prairie, Sam hunted and trapped to provide for his family. My grandfather had a great love of horses and always had at least 2 that pulled the wagon. He also liked to go to horse races. I remember him coming to Edmonton and taking me to Northlands Park to watch the horse races (there may have been a bet or 2 placed).

(Continued on next page)

Sam was always interested in politics. Although his education was limited (grade 3), he excelled at getting his point across. He was active in the Metis Association of Alberta from as early as 1940, when he and Adolphus Ghostkeeper, as Paddle Prairie delegates, attended the Joussard Metis Gathering. Grandpa served in one capacity or another for many years on the Paddle Prairie Settlement Council.

Although Settlement Councils were locally elected, the province was making unilateral decisions on behalf of all the Settlements, including misusing the Metis Betterment Trust Fund.

On February 5, 1974, a statement of claim was filed in Supreme Court of Alberta for revenues from oil and gas development, "Keg River Metis Settlement Association v Her Majesty the Queen in Right of Alberta action." After over 30 years of development, the Metis Settlements were at a point that they needed to protect their rights and autonomy as distinct Métis communities.

In 1975, the Alberta Federation of Metis Settlements was formed. Sam, along with Richard Poitras, from Paddle Prairie, and 3 other Metis men, worked hard to further unite Metis Settlements by creating a legal entity and working relationship between the Alberta Government and Metis Settlements. Unfortunately, my grandfather was not alive to witness what they had worked so hard to accomplish.

Grandpa was a kind and gentle soul. My aunts tell me that he very rarely disciplined them, that was my grandma's job, but when he did, they knew he meant business! He loved his grandchildren and spent a lot of time with his grandsons teaching them how to set snares and trap squirrels.

Grandpa was a great fiddle player and I fondly remember the evenings he played, a wood fire burning and a coal oil lamp to light the room (sometimes). There is nothing sweeter than the sound of the fiddle as you slumber off to sleep.

Lariviere, Jimmy

1927-1966

Written by: Harold Lariviere (son) & Claire Hinton (daughter)

Our grandfather Louie Lariviere, his wife Marian Parenteau, and their children came to the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement in about 1942, with some of the Parenteau family. They had 7 children when they moved there: Oscar, Walter, Harold, twins Marian & Dave, and Jim. Lawrence was born later.



Great Grandma Lariviere in front, Lawrence, Marion and Louis Lariviere, Jimmy, Marion and cousin Susie Parenteau in the back; 1945 Paddle Prairie.

My father Jim Paul Lariviere, was born March 11, 1927, in Lewiston, Montana.



Louie and Marion Lariviere, my grandparents

He grew up helping on the farm and eventually worked his own farm. Jim married Elizabeth (Betty) Thompson of Manning, Alberta, in 1950. They raised 5 children: Harold (1952), Beryl (1953), Claire (1955), John (1957), and Dorothy (1959).

Over the years, dad farmed and started trucking. He helped logging and hauling lumber for Ambrose and Leo Parenteau. Dad also hauled gravel for the government stockpile at Steen River.

We remember dad built us a raft that we used to cross the creek when the water was high, and the road was too muddy.

That creek held hidden treasures. This is where the moonshine was kept cold. Occasionally a few of the boys could be found sitting by the creek sampling the moonshine.



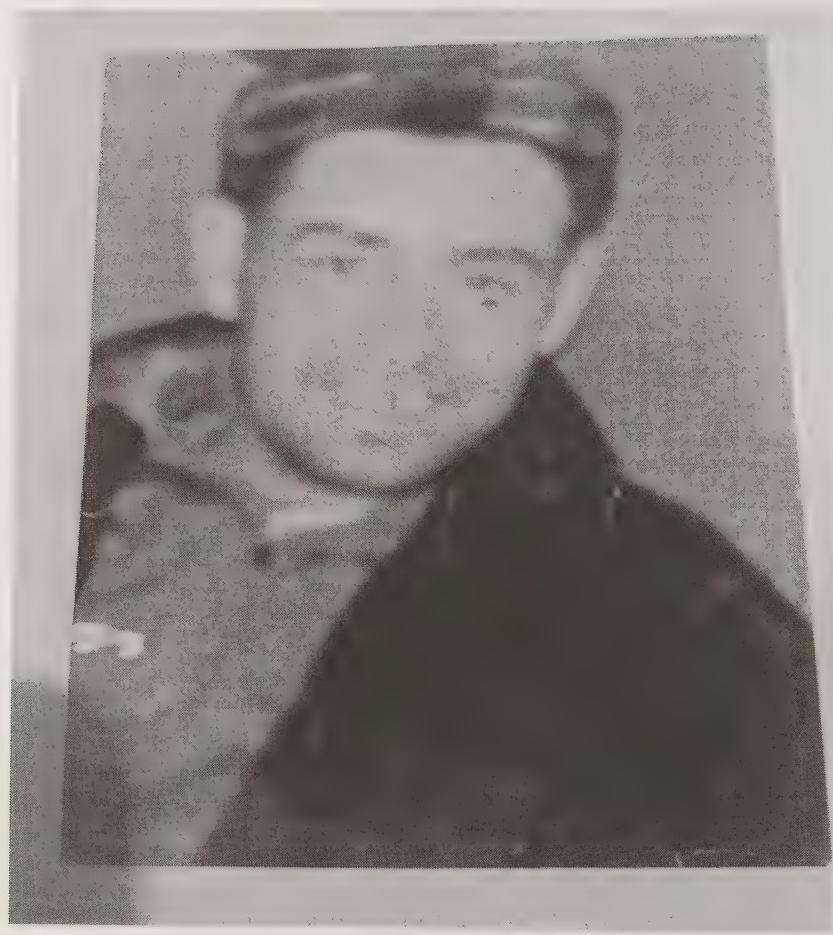
Jimmy & Betty Lariviere, with Harold & Beryl.

As children growing up, a trip to Manning (130 miles away), was always something we looked forward too. This only happened once or twice a year. A visit with grandma and grandpa Thompson, and after our shopping was done it was time to head home. Riding in the back of the truck covered in blankets was normal in those days.

Another great memory is stopping at Corn Boos Store in Hotchkiss on our way home. Dad would buy kubasa and tomato juice (our favourite) for the ride home. In those days that could take a couple hours, it was a poor gravel highway.

Having a picnic by a dugout and going for a swim on a hot summer day was always fun.

In 1966, our lives would change forever. Jim had a contract to do some fencing for the railway. In June of that summer, dad was killed in an accident.



Jimmy Lariviere

Times were tough, so mom and us children moved to Manning.

When Harold was about 15 years old, he moved to Keg River and lived with his Aunt and uncle Marian (Lariviere) & Pete Rudy. Later, Harold tried farming in Paddle Prairie on the farm, and also helped Uncle Walter for a few years. He then moved back to Manning in the early 1970s.

It's still a place we go back to visit: "home," Paddle Prairie.

Martineau, Allen

1944-2015

Written by: David Martineau, son

Allen Martineau was born in September 1944, in Paddle Prairie, Alberta. He was the youngest of nine children of Sarah and Fred Martineau. His siblings were: Mabel, Bertha (Sister), Mary, Louis, Norma, Shirley, Lyle, and David (Ducky).

My father, Allan Martineau, had a Grade 8 education, because that is the highest grade the school had in Paddle at that time. Even with a poor school education, he was still smarter than anyone I've ever met, and a man of all traits. These traits included being a carpenter, electrician, welder, plumber, hunter, trapper, mechanic, rancher, farmer, a heavy equipment operator, a bareback rider, a power saw man, a cowboy, a pick man, and a calf roper.

He was my mentor, my father, and he was my best friend.



Allen Martineau, when he was Chairman of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement Council

With his carpentry skills and abilities, he designed and built his log cabin at Carcajou, with homemade cupboards and doors, and fireplace. In fact, he built two cabins there.

He was well known in the rodeo community, and was probably given many nicknames, but the one that stuck to him was "Bullbat".

Out of all these traits, I'd like to give him the most credit for being my mentor, my father, and my best friend. He was not only a good father and mentor, but a dear grandfather, uncle, brother, and friend to many. Always willing to lend a hand to everyone, this including the community of Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement, where he raised a family, including my four siblings and I.

He was elected Chairman and Councilman for many years, where he focused on the betterment of our community.



Allen Martineau

Martineau, Lyle

1940-2006

Written by Melvin Martineau, son

Lyle Martineau was born January 3rd, 1940, to Sarah Smith and Fred Martineau, in LeGoff, Alberta. He was one of nine siblings. They moved to Paddle Prairie in December 1940, when my dad was less than a year old.

Growing up in northern Alberta, Paddle Prairie was a challenge to life. He married the love of his life, Susie Wanuch, and together they raised six children: Conrad, Janine, LeeAnn, Patty, Melvin, and Genevieve. They also raised one grandson, Edwin.



Lyle & Susie on their wedding day.

My late parents, Lyle Martineau, and Susie (Wanuch) Martineau made the best of living in any circumstances. My dad was quite the man. To me, he was a very knowledgeable man. I learned a lot from my father. Even when times were tough, he sustained what was thrown to our family.

He was a jack of all trades, a master at playing the fiddle, and was one hell of a heavy equipment operator. He knew how to fix things that would baffle me.

This old fella, named Don Locke, told me a story of Lyle and him. It goes something like this:

"Lyle borrowed a couple chicken hens from one of his sister's, lol. He then took them chickens to where he got them from and would get them to dress them up for cooking. Little did they know...his sister was dressing and plucking their own chickens at the time. Ha, ha".

He was my mentor. He was always working in the Earth Works and when he had time off, him and my mother would play music and sing at the ole hall in Paddle Prairie. He loved playing the fiddle, and entertaining people.



Lyle Martineau

This one time we were living in a pink and white house, which was near the community ball diamond. He liked to watch the local ballplayers play ball. But this one time, he wished that there was a window on the east side of our house so he could see the game. So, he goes in the porch and grabs his power saw and fired it up in the house. Then he starts to cut out the wall on the east side of our house. I remember my mother, Susie, hollering at him, saying that crazy guy, lol, what if you cut the electrical wire in the wall? So, then he shoves that part of the wall out, and then he said: "there, now we can watch baseball."

There are so many stories I can mention, but it would take a long time for me to explain them. My dad would go where the work was, even if that meant we had to move from Paddle Prairie. We did. So, we moved back and forth to and from Cold Lake, Alberta.

Yup! Lyle Martineau was quite a character. I remember, we would go to my aunty Mary's place in Hawk Hills, Alberta, and we would spend a few days there on the farm.

This one time, he brought a Billy goat home, and what a nuisance that goat was lol. I remember my dad made a homemade feeding bottle to feed the goat. So, he cut one of the fingers off his leather glove, and then he made a mixture of milk and whiskey. You should of seen that goat, drunk as a skunk! My father Lyle was just killing himself laughing and so was I. That poor goat passed out in our living room.



Lyle Martineau

There was this other time when we resided in Grand Center at the time. So, myself, and my father, and mother, and my baby sister Genevieve were on our way to Frog Lake, Alberta. At that time, it was a gravel road. All of a sudden there was an RCMP car ahead of us, and we were following close behind. All of sudden, my dad just floored our car and decided to pass the Cops. I thought to myself, what the hell is he doing?

Then the RCMP put their lights on and stopped us. So, I thought, “*Oh no! Now what?*” Little did I know, the RCMP officer was his good friend, Constable George Stanley, from Frog Lake. We were going to visit him along with his spouse, Maryanne Jackknife.

I hope this little story I’m telling helps you out on your book. I could go on forever, telling stories, but he was the man, my mentor in life. I miss my parents in a way that know one can imagine.

Lyle Edwin Martineau was my hero!

Lyle passed away on February 17th, 2006. He is buried at the Elizabeth Metis Settlement Cemetery.



Allen Martineau, David (Ducky) and Lyle.

Martineau, Wilfred (Fred)

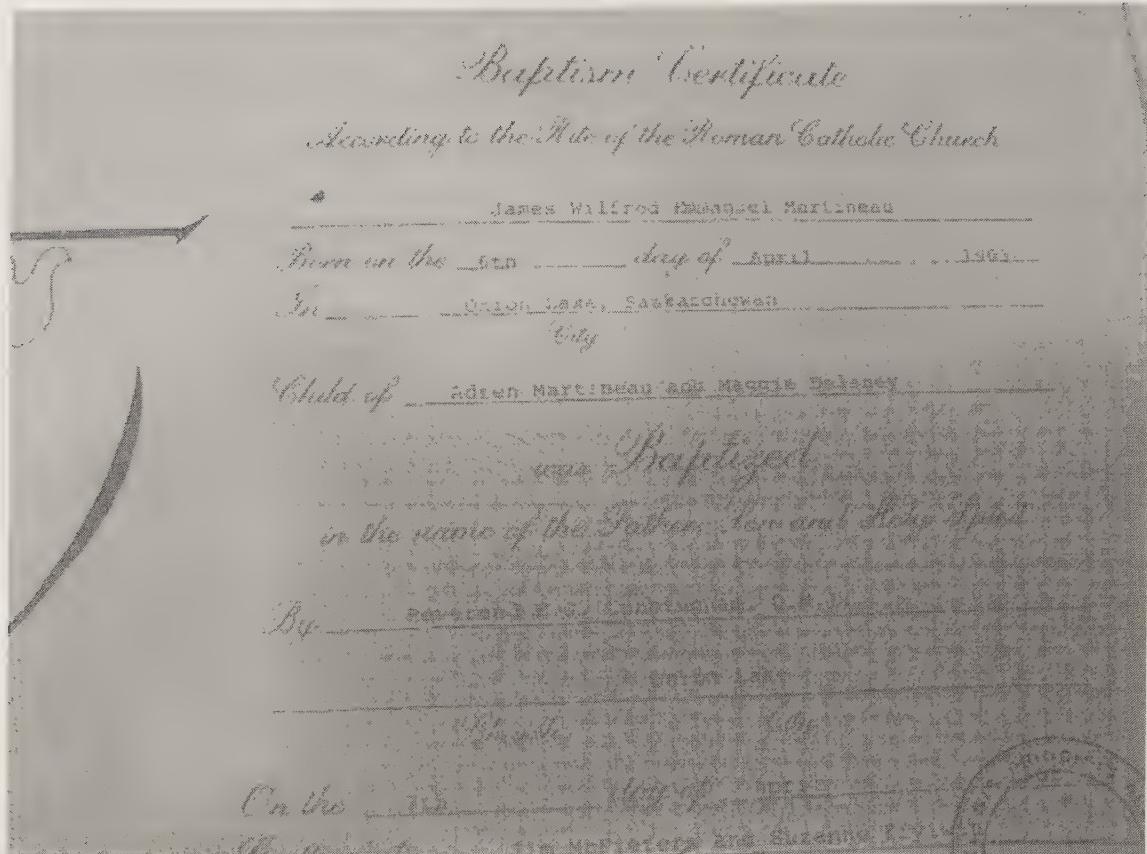
1903-1999

Written by: Budson Davidson, grandson

Wilfred James Emanuel Martineau. . . Grandpa was born in 1903, to Adrian Martineau and Marguerite Delaney, on the Onion Lake Reserve. Adrian worked for the Hudson Bay Company in the Cold Lake area all of his life. Grandpa's mother Marguerite was born on the Frog Lake Reserve. She was about 5 years old during the Frog Lake Rebellion and remembered hiding in the church with all the women during most of the shootings.



My Great Grandfather Adrian Louis Napolean Martineau



Grandpa Fred's baptism certificate, April 1903.

Grandpa was the oldest of fourteen (14) brothers and sisters. He married Sarah Smith around 1921, and they raised nine (9) children: 4 girls and 5 boys.

Grandpa said when he was young, he lived in the Cold Lake area, and hauled freight from Edmonton to Cold Lake with a team of horses and a wagon in the summer, and a team of horses and two sleighs in the winter. He used to tell some interesting old tales about some of the trips when they would get caught out in snowstorms, and they had to learn quickly how to survive the long cold nights. He also used to work for ranchers and farmers in the area, and every fall he would always get work with the threshing crews in the area.

It was somewhere around 1937-1939, that he was involved with Joe Dion and a few others in getting the Métis colonies (as they were called then) started in Alberta. After a few of them were up and running he moved his family onto the Elizabeth colony near Cold Lake, so he was close to the rest of his brothers and sisters. But it was shortly after that, in the spring of 1939, that he got a job surveying a new colony that was to become the Paddle Prairie colony.

He travelled up north and spent the summer surveying and marking out the new colony boundaries. In 1940, he headed back to the Elizabeth colony to get his family and move them all up to the new Paddle Prairie colony. Upon arriving in Paddle Prairie, he became the first Supervisor of the colony and held that title for 3 or 4 years.



The Martineau Family, in the early 1940's, after their arrival in Paddle Prairie

After he handed over the Supervisor's job to a government appointed man, he set up sawmills around northern Alberta and the territories for a few years. Then he operated the Keg River Cabins garage and service station for quite a few years, until moving to the bulk station in Keg River. He ran that until he moved to Assumption. There he set up and operated a sawmill for the Dene Tha' band, until he retired and moved to Manning.

During many of the early years in Paddle Prairie, he also farmed and did most of the blacksmith work on the colony. I can remember one time when I was about 12, he let me turn the bellows crank on the little forge he used in the government garage. I recall getting really tired, but I didn't want to stop as I thought I might get in trouble, because he had said that the bellows must be kept turning at a constant speed once the fire was going at the correct heat, and if it got too hot or too cold the weld he was forging wouldn't hold. So, I kept turning it with burning arms and shoulders until he finally started reaching over and giving it a few cranks every now and then so I could keep up.

I never could figure out, until many years later, that he was teaching me to always try to push through and complete every job you took on and also showing me that a little compassion goes a long way. I can still remember, to this day, his big hands reaching over to help me when he knew I couldn't keep up anymore.

I can also remember when I was around 16 years old, and fall came around, when Grandpa started the threshing crews going from one neighbour to the next until everyone had their crop off. Grandpa used to run the threshing machine, and he let me be one of the guys that threw the bundles onto the feeder on the threshing machine. I was now called a spike pitcher. I remember all the wives of the farmers we were threshing for used to try and outdo each other by feeding the crews the best meals, cakes, and pies you could ever imagine. It sure was a treat to get to eat with all the men. I couldn't wait to move to the next settler's place to see what treats were waiting for us.



The old threshing machine that was used by many families to harvest their crops.

Grandpa used to love to play the fiddle, and he sure could dance the old-time waltz along with the best of them. When I was around 16 years old and just learning how to play the guitar, most of the family was having a get together at Grandpa's daughter Mabel's house and he asked me to chord for him while he played the fiddle. I had never chорded for one fiddle tune before, but I sure couldn't say no, so I started strumming away. I'm pretty sure I finally accidentally hit the correct chord for just one beat during either "*Turkey in the Straw*" or maybe "*Boil dem Cabbage Down*", because I remember him kind of giving me a wee bit of a smile and a slight nod of his head at one point there.



*Left to right: Fred Martineau on the fiddle, David (Ducky) and Budson on guitar,
with two little cousins: Robbie & Chester.*

Another of his many talents was telling tales, and he wasn't about to be bested by just anyone either. One day he was working for his son Allen out in the oilpatch, running a tractor with an airplane prop attached to the back, that was used to blow onto the piles of bush that we were burning on a pipeline access road. Every day the crew would usually gather around the pile he was blowing, as it was always burning the best, to have lunch and tell tall tales.

We had some guys there like Ray Houle, Fred Wanuch, Charlie St Germaine, and Hank Wanuch, to name a few. If you knew those gentlemen, then you knew that there were some real dousers being told around the fire. But Grandpa never said a word until about the 4th day, when Ray told him that it was his turn to tell a story.

This is the story he told that day:

"When I was a youngster about 10 years old, so around 1913, my uncle and I went out hunting rats in the Cold Lake area in the spring. We were out for a couple of weeks, and we were getting quite a few rats, but rabbits were scarce, so we were getting awful tired of eating rats, and one day we heard what sounded like ducks quacking in the distance. We snuck closer to have a look, and sure enough there was a small pond, and it was just about full of ducks.

My uncle signalled to me to back away without scaring them off, and when we were far enough away, he told me that all he had left was one empty shotgun shell. But he said there was an native village just about a mile away and they might have some shells. So off we went to check and see.

We got there, but they said all they had was a little gunpowder and some primers, but no shot. But we were welcome to some if that would help. My uncle said sure we'll borrow that and bring you back some ducks. I looked at him and wondered how we would get any ducks without any shot, but I never said anything as youngsters were meant to be seen and not heard in them days.

We walked along, and I finally asked my uncle where we were going. He said that he remembered an old settler's cabin not too far away, and maybe there was something around there we could use. When we got to the old shack all we could find in an old tobacco can was a bunch of roofing nails. Uncle grabbed a handful and said come along and we headed back to the little pond.

As we walked, he put some gunpowder and the primer down the barrel of his shotgun, and then jammed all of the roofing nails down on top. By now I was scared that he would blow his head off, and I would be all alone and would have to try and find my way back home.

But again, I never said a word. We finally got close to the pond and my uncle told me to sneak around to the far side of the pond and he would sneak up to the near side and hide in a patch of small poplars, about 20 to 25 feet high. Once I got to the far side I was to sneak as close as I could and then get up and run as fast as I could hollering as loud as possible, and hopefully I would scare the ducks thru the poplars where he was hiding.

(Continued on next page)

I headed around the pond and did exactly as he instructed, and sure enough the ducks were so scared they took off and flew right thru the poplars, and I heard a terrible roar when my uncle pulled the trigger. I was kinda scared to go and check him out, as I didn't know what may have happened. When I got to where my uncle was, he was laying on the ground rubbing his right shoulder. I asked him if he hit anything, and he just pointed up into the trees with his left hand. I looked up and there they were, 23 ducks, wings still flapping a bit, nailed to the trees."

Well, only those of us that had the good fortune of knowing Hank, and hearing him laugh, could imagine how loud he laughed at Grandpa's story. "Nailed to the trees," he would say, and start laughing again. He laughed so loud that some people say that you could still hear him laughing the next day in the Paddle Prairie village, which was around 25 kilometers away. Some also say that you could also hear him laughing the day before Grandpa told his story. I'm not sure that's entirely possible as it might defy the laws of physics. Hmm... Maybe I have more of my grandpa in me than I thought.

It seemed that Grandpa had surpassed the boys in storytelling, but just to be sure, the next day he told a story about his threshing days. He said that he had got a new thermos, a nice red plaid just that fall, and it was the best thermos he had ever had. But, one day after he had sat down on the new small straw pile to have lunch the threshing machine broke down and before he could eat or drink anything he had to get up and go and get the machine working again. He said it took quite a few stops and starts until finally everything was working again, but then he couldn't find his gunny sack with his lunch and thermos inside, anywhere. He said he finally gave up looking and borrowed some bannock from one of the spike pitchers and finished off the day.

He said it wasn't until late March when the pigs and cows that used to burrow into the straw piles had eaten it down to something that looked like a mushroom, that he crawled into one of the tunnels they had burrowed into it to chase out some pigs and he felt something under his knee, and he reached down and felt a gunny sack. He said he couldn't believe it could be his old lunch sack, so he opened it up to check and sure enough there was his lunch and thermos. He said he opened up the thermos to see if it was broken and steam rolled out of the top. He said he tipped it up to his mouth to take a sip and it burned his lips! Charlie St. Germaine asked him how was it possible that it could have stayed hot that long, and Grandpa said, "the straw must have insulated it." That was it. Grandpa was the undisputed champ.

Grandpa used to sing in church every Sunday, when he was home, and along with some of the other Elders, he would sing parts of the mass in Cree. I always wanted to sing with them, until one day, in school when I was about 10 or so, just before Christmas and we were singing hymns for the nun that was helping with the choir and she asked me if I would do a solo at Midnight Mass and sing Silent Night and of course I was so excited I could hardly sleep for nights before. I practiced and practiced until I figured I was as ready as could be.

I remember walking up the stairs to the choir loft as proud as could be, and I could see Grandpa kind of looking at me like, "what are you doing up here," but he never said a word. Midnight Mass always seemed to be a very long mass at most times, but it seemed to me that it took forever before I was to start singing, but finally it was time. The nun started playing Silent Night after signalling for me to come to the front. I barely started to sing, and Grandpa joined in just as loud as he could, and of course drowned out my first ever solo. As soon as Grandpa started singing everyone joined in and there was nothing the nun could do but let them sing. The funny thing is Grandpa and the other choir members weren't told anything about the solo, but I was proud anyway, because I got to sing with Grandpa.

Grandpa was still driving his car when he was 92 years old. He took the wrong car once from downtown to his house one day. He got lost a couple of times and took the scenic route home a few times. So, finally his daughters decided to get his licence taken away. They all blamed each other for doing it, but we all know who it was.

Anyways, Grandpa called me up one day not long after that, and said Octave Parenteau, his son in law, was coming to move him to High Level, and he wondered if my brother and I could each take a load down for him. So off we went. We got him all moved in and came back, and next thing I heard he was driving again.

Apparently, when he got to High Level he went and got something called a 50-mile licence, which allowed him to drive within a 50-mile radius of his residence. After about 6 months, he called me up and asked if we could come and move him back to Manning. So off we went and moved him back and he now transferred his 50-mile radius licence to Manning. That was too much for his daughters, so they gave up and he kept his licence to the very end.

Grandpa worked hard all his life, and I never knew a time when he didn't have a job, until he retired at around 70 years old. It seemed there wasn't any kind of job he couldn't do and do it well. He loved rodeo, fishing, hunting, and watching the Edmonton Oilers after they started up in the NHL. I never heard him complain about anything and I never heard him use a cuss word, except his favorite, "PRUNES."

Grandpa lived to be 96 years old. He is buried in the Paddle Prairie Cemetery beside his wife Sarah, his sons, his daughter, and grandchildren that have sadly passed away before their time.

There is one thing about Grandpa I don't remember but was told to me thousands of times so it must be true. When they brought me home from the hospital and I was laying in my crib, Grandpa came home and looked at me laying there and said, "*so this is Bud's son!*" I have been called Budson ever since, and now, best of all, I am also called Grandpa. All I can do is try to be half as great as Grandpa was, and pray I'm as loved and respected as he always will be.



My grandfather Fred Martineau.

McGillivray, Clifford

1935-2007

Written by: Carrie McGillivray, daughter

Clifford McGillivray was born in Wabasca, Alberta, on August 28, 1935. He was the oldest son of Grace and Joe McGillivray. His siblings were: Margaret, Duncan, Joyce, and Alex. The McGillivray family moved to Paddle Prairie, by teams and wagons, when Dad was 2 years old.

My dad Clifford married my mom Marjorie in July 1961. I was born November 1961, (hmmm...). Together they raised 9 children: myself, Clarence, Gayle, Janet, Ken, Peter, Jennifer, Steven, and Micheal. We do have an older sister Lila.

My dad, Clifford McGillivray was a hardworking man. He provided well for his family. He worked for years in sawmills. There was a community sawmill in Paddle for years, where he worked. Later, we moved to John D'or Prairie, so he could work in the sawmill there.

I remember him telling me he worked in Faust, in a sawmill, where I am currently living. He worked on heavy-duty equipment: cats, graders etc. I cannot remember him ever not working; he worked right up to retirement age. I do not ever remember going without things that we needed.



Mrs. Bellerose (his mother-in-law), Clifford and Marjorie

He loved music! He played the fiddle, and he was an awesome jigger. My dad was a big man, but he was so light on his feet. I loved watching him and my mom dancing, so smooth. Mom and Dad taught us all to dance. If we wanted to go to a dance, we had to dance and if we refused to dance with anyone that asked us girls, we were taken home. We were taught that it was impolite to refuse a dance. Not sure why, but not one of his 10 kids learned how to play the fiddle.

Mom and Dad used to go everywhere together. Peter told me one time they went shopping in Manning. Mom always took her time. Dad don't know what he was thinking, but he left her and went home. He got home and realized he left her. He drove back to Manning, and mom was still shopping. She did not realize he had even left her.

I remember one time him and George Wanuch had gotten into the 'spirits.' He wanted to show George that he could ride one of the horses. He did get on, but he fell off the other side, he was crawling up the hill, saying to George "don't tell my wife", but mom was standing there watching.

Dad took some time off from working away from home and decided to farm. We had cows, pigs, chickens, and horses. We all had chores, which taught us a lot of how to work, independently and altogether.

Dad was a very proud man and spoke his mind. That was one thing he taught all of us kids, that we needed to speak for ourselves, because no one else is going to do that for us, and to be proud of who we were.



Clifford and Marjorie and their children, and his father-in-law James Bellerose.

The highlight of his life were his grandkids. They were watching Lance when he was about four. I got home from work and dad was sitting in his chair just staring. I asked mom what was wrong with him. She laughed and said he had given Lance a spanking for talking back to mom, and that is where he stayed all day. He felt bad, but there was Lance out playing as if nothing happened.

Dad loved baseball and he did have an opportunity to go play for the big league in Vancouver when he was 21. He decided not to go, I think at times he did regret it, but he did make a baseball team. All of his kids played many a game with dad.

My parents, in later years, joined the born-again religion, and that made them happy.

The one thing that dad did regret was he did not teach his kids the Cree language. He said that when he went to school, he would get the strap for speaking his language, and he thought that would happen to his children if he taught us to speak Cree.

He passed away May 17, 2007, and is buried in the Paddle Prairie Cemetery.



Clifford McGillivray

McGillivray, Joe

1907-1982

Written by: Joyce Parenteau, daughter

My dad, Joseph John McGillivray, was born in Athabasca on April 28th, 1907, to parents, John & Victorine McGillivray. He had 4 siblings: Simon, Edward, Peter, and Margaret.

They started school in Athabasca. Then the family moved to Wabasca, where he attended a Residential Mission school in Demarais, Alberta through the week and came home on long weekends and holidays. His dad John would haul a load of firewood whenever he came for them, as payment for lodging his children. Dad hated being at the mission and couldn't wait to go home.

His dad had employment around Wabasca, and he was able to attend school there at the Anglican Mission. He was in the same grade as my mom as they were the same age. They grew up together- so it was no surprise that they ended up being married later.

My dad Joe married Grace Johnston, and together they raised five children: Clifford, Margaret, Duncan, Joyce, and Alex.

The main employment in those days was hauling freight in the winter months using teams of horses, and during the summer months, finding employment nearby.

My grandpa, Sam Johnston was a fire ranger, so he was employed during the summer months. It was later, in 1936, that my grandpa moved his family to the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement. They arrived there in 1939. There wasn't much employment there when they first moved. I remember dad would go away to work in sawmills during the winter months. He learned to be a sawyer. He later got to stay home when the settlement acquired their own sawmill.

There are 8 Metis Settlements in Alberta, and we're under the jurisdiction of the Alberta Legislature called the *Metis Betterment Act*. This Act specified that there be a comptroller or a supervisor to over see the economics of the settlement.

There was local employment for the settlers as they were able to horse log to provide logs for the local sawmill, which produced planned lumber for the construction of houses, buildings, and fences.

The Settlement supervisor hired a licenced carpenter to help the locals learn how to build their own little farms if they didn't already know how. It became a thriving community as everyone helped their neighbors, whether it was constructing a building, farming, or threshing grain, etc.

A big barn was built to house some government owned teams of horses, and also farm equipment that was rented out to people that were farming. The government of the Settlement had a small herd of cattle and encouraged people to raise cattle.

They assisted them by giving them a cow and a calf to start. They paid back by way of giving back a steer for butchering, as they had their own local butcher shop.

My dad enjoyed taking care of the horses and also drove them as needed.

Later, he was employed as the school janitor and bus driver. When the settlement purchased a tractor, he would use it in the winter to flood the local rink by the school. He would also keep it clean, along with help from the local young people, as everyone loved to skate, including him.

I remember when I got my first pair of figure skates. My dad went skating with me, and I was so proud! I was about 8 years old. Dad loved sports. His favourite sport was baseball. He helped organize many baseball teams, and there were games through the week, and tournaments on Saturdays & Sundays.

The Paddle Prairie All-Star team were the pride of our community! They won the majority of the tournaments held in the area. They travelled on road trips to Manning, High Level, Fort Vermillion, and to Hay River, Northwest Territories. Dad drove the baseball team around in the school bus. He was also one of the umpires, which he was great at! He made it so entertaining and sounded like a professional! Dramatic! I can still hear him making those calls.

Dad was a happy go lucky man, who loved to laugh and tease! Our house was filled with laughter, especially when Aunt Mary came to visit. He loved music and played the violin so beautifully. My brothers both learned to play the fiddle and guitar. They were good musicians. They formed a band and used to play at local dances with my sister Margaret playing a mandolin.

Dad was an awesome dancer; the Red River Jig was the best! He won many jigging competitions, even back in Wabasca. He was so light on his feet that he could jump up and hit his feet twice before he hit the floor.

There were many other competitions the locals had. One of them was carrying a 100 lb. bag of flour by your teeth, with your hands behind your back, and see who could carry it the furthest. He wasn't a very big man, but he did it!

He was up early, every morning and always made breakfast for my mom, right up until he passed. He loved his grandchildren, and he would make them dance whenever they came to visit. He would sing a fast tune and made it fun for them. My youngest brother Alex must have danced until he was 6 years old.

Writing about him brings back so many precious memories of family life when I was a child, when people respected one another, especially Elders. They helped each other and respected Sundays, when we would wear our good clothes and go to church. No one ever thought of disrespecting the Holy Day by working.



Joe & Grace McGillivray

Times have certainly changed, but we have our memories!

Dad passed away on March 25th, 1982. He is buried in the Paddle Prairie Cemetery.

Nooskey, Ambrose

1914-1987

Written by Julia Auger, daughter

My father, Ambrose Nooskey, was born in Grouard, Alberta, June 29th, 1914. His parents were Samuel Nooskey and Suzanne Richards.

Ambrose Nooskey married Eva Laprete in Keg River, Alberta, on September 8th, 1938. They raised fifteen (15) children. There were eight boys: Joe (deceased), Harvey (deceased), Edward (deceased), Lloyd (deceased), Vincent, Les, Willard, and Claude (deceased). They had seven girls: Rose, Julia, Ernestine, Alvina (deceased), Blanche (deceased), Geraldine (deceased), and one other that was stillborn.

After Ambrose and Eva got married, they lived in Keg River for a brief period before moving to Notikewin, Alberta. They moved to Paddle Prairie in 1941.

Ambrose had gotten 80 acres of land south of the hamlet. We lived off the land, hunting for game, harvesting berries, and growing a garden for vegetables. Our life was full of music, love, and laughter.

Ambrose played the steel guitar and fiddle. We learned to dance at an early age. He taught many young people how to play those instruments, sing, and dance. He also liked sports until he got crippled up from rheumatoid arthritis. He could not play his instruments when his hands could no longer hold the fiddle.

He did some horse logging, hauling trees to the mill to make lumber to build the first schoolhouse. At one point, all the five-year-old children were gathered up and put in the back of a truck to be taken to Fort Vermillion Mission.

However, they could not cross the river, so they came back home, and that was when the men in the community decided to log and build the schoolhouse. They wanted to keep the children in the community. All their labour and time was donated to make this happen.

Every year in June, we would be loaded in the wagon to travel to Notikewin, so my dad could work for the farmers all summer. They were just building the highway in the 1950s, doing the groundwork.

My parents spoke Cree, English, and French. However, Cree was the main language that we grew up speaking. When the parents did not want us to know what was being said they would speak French.

We were raised as Catholics, going to church, and getting baptized.



Mr. & Mrs. Nooskey celebrating their 50th anniversary

Some of the traditional herbs we used to keep healthy were often rat root, wild peppermint, and wild cabbage.

One thing about my dad, he was a Residential School survivor. He attended Grouard Residential School as a day student. He could barely sign his name and that was it, but he could do math in a flash.

He was very sharp. He was an avid cribbage player. He had a quick wit, and he had quick comebacks.

He passed away in October 1987 and is buried in the Paddle Prairie Cemetery.

Parenteau, Ambrose

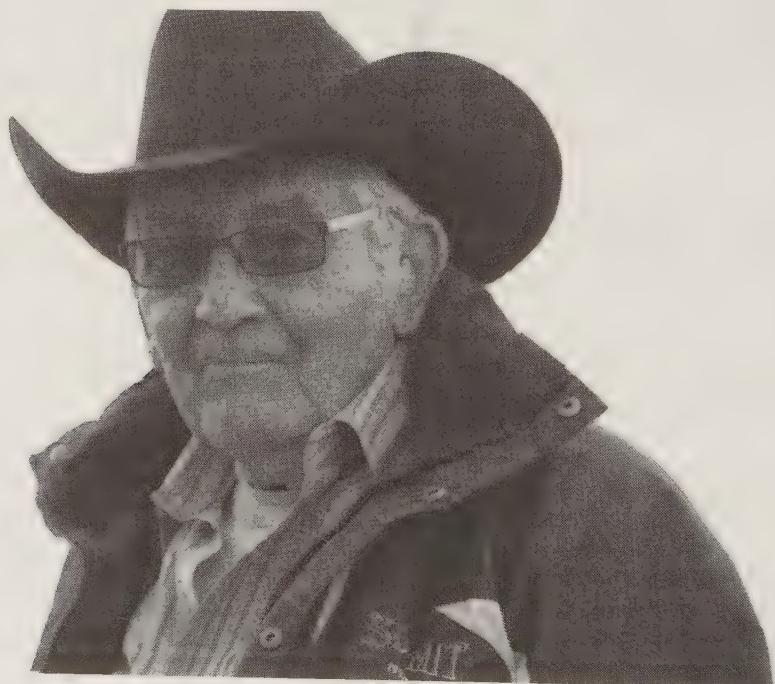
1925-

Written by: Linda Paul, daughter

Ambrose was born on February 4, 1925, at Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan. He lived in Paddle Prairie from 1943 to 1977.

He first came to Paddle Prairie from Rocky Mountain House in the winter of 1943, with his dad Sam Parenteau. They logged in Paddle Prairie for the winter to pay for the move. That following summer, his parents, Sam, and Flora Parenteau, and the rest of the family moved to Paddle Prairie. Everything was loaded in box cars, including some of the older ones to look after the animals and equipment. Mother Flora and the younger ones rode in the passenger train. From Peace River everything was loaded on the O'Sullivan barge, to be transported up river. Then everything was unloaded at Tompkins Landing and moved by wagons and teams to Paddle Prairie.

Ambrose came later in the fall by train from Lacombe to Grimshaw. He then caught a ride to Notikewan and he walked from there to North Keg where he caught up with Frank & Louie Jackson. One of their trucks was stuck in the Keg River and he helped them get it out. From there they drove Ambrose to Keg River. He caught a ride with his Uncle Louie Lariviere to Paddle Prairie.



Ambrose Parenteau

Ambrose bought his first truck in 1945, a 2nd hand KS5 International, and started hauling grain from Paddle Prairie to Grimshaw. He drove night shift and his cousin Jimmy Lariviere drove day shift. In the winter he hauled lumber for Clarence Williams at South Keg.

In 1947, he bought his first new truck, a GMC. He started hauling gravel for Standard Gravel from Paddle Prairie to the Northwest Territories (NWT) border, helping to put the first coat of gravel on the new highway between Paddle Prairie and the NWT border. They stayed in a tent camp wherever they were crushing the gravel. He graveled from Mile 140 right to the border. He also hauled fish for Menzie's at Hay River with this 47 GMC.

In 1949 he traded the '47 GMC in for a new 1949 GMC and hauled gravel and lumber with it as well as timbers to go on the barges at Hay River.

On July 19, 1950, Ambrose married Evelyn Price in Manning, Alberta. She had a set of twins, Daryl & Derwin. Ambrose adopted these boys and over the next 11 years he and Evelyn had 7 more children, Calvin, Wendy, Heather, Lawrence, Linda, Corrine, and Trevor.

When they first got married, they lived on the farm in Paddle Prairie (NW35 102 23 W5) in the summer where Ambrose built their house, and in the winter at Ken Fischer's sawmill, west of Manning. He hauled lumber from the sawmill to Grimshaw and Evelyn worked in the office.

In 1955, they moved to Peace River, where Ambrose hauled shacks to oil camps for Fortier and Northey with a four-ton 1958 Ford truck with a winch. They lived in Peace River for approximately 2.5 years and moved back to Paddle Prairie in the spring of 1958. Ambrose moved their house from the farm in 1960 to SW 13 103 23 W5, land purchased from Lawrence Lariviere.

They built onto the house as the family was growing, and also part of the addition became a cafe (Rite Spot Café), which later became the Rite Spot Confectionary. Evelyn also ran the Coachways Bus Station and the post office out of this location.

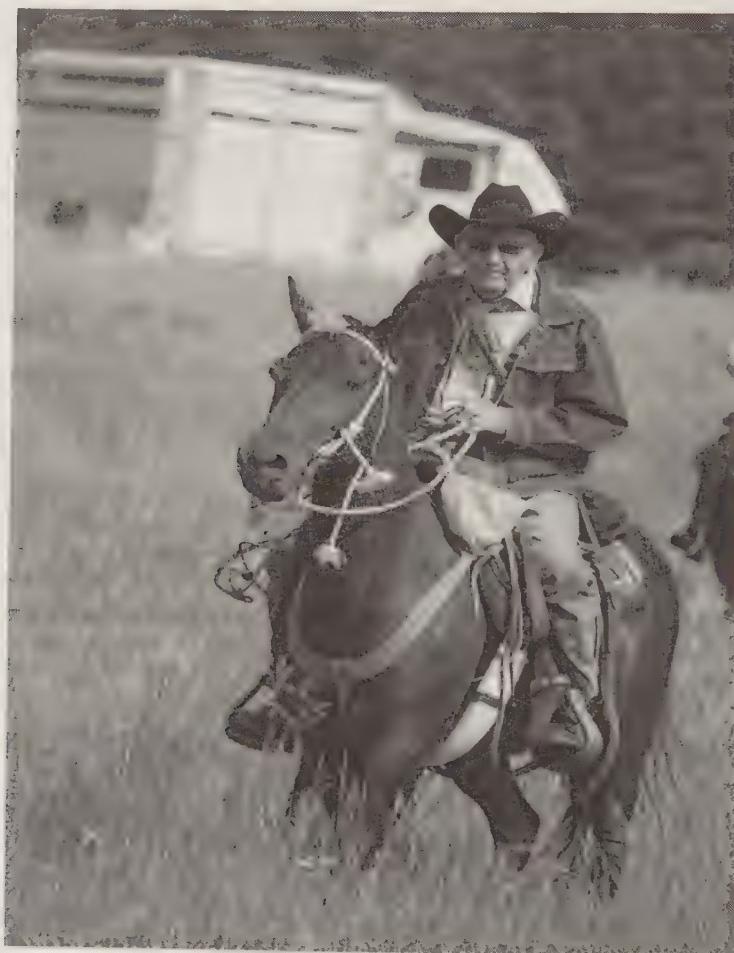
Ambrose kept busy with the BA Gas station and garage as well as trucking and farming. By 1963, Ambrose bought a new Fargo that he used to haul fuel locally and from the refinery in Edmonton. He helped to build the airstrip at Footner Lake, north of High Level, and the new highway between High Level and Fort Vermillion.

From 1968 – 1972, Ambrose took on another job, driving school bus for Northland School Division. At the same time, he was also hauling lumber to High Level from the Paddle Prairie sawmill.

Sadly, on February 1, 1973, Evelyn passed away from suffering 5 strokes in four days. The family had moved to Peace River in August 1972 so the older kids could attend high school.

At this time, Ambrose decided to go to work driving truck for someone else. He went to work for Grimshaw Trucking. He drove for them for three years and hauled just about everything. He hauled powder and dynamite caps way up to a mine north and west of Yellowknife, where they were building a dam.

Ambrose remarried Elsie, his second wife on October 28, 1978, and they lived on a beautiful acreage near Peace River for many years. Ambrose retired in 1990 and spent many years enjoying his horses, taking them to parades with his wagon and giving rides at special events as well as doing the wagon train from Paddle Prairie to Manning rodeo for a number of years with special family and friends. Through the years they enjoyed many trips to Montana, California, Arizona, Scotland, and England. Elsie passed away on May 3, 2019, at the age of 94. They had 41 wonderful years together.



Ambrose Parenteau, getting ready to go on one of his charity rides for Multiple Sclerosis.

His most passionate activity in his retirement years was volunteering and raising money for the Multiple Sclerosis Society. Over a 28-year period, he rode in the annual trail ride held at Tangent Park, and he solely raised \$131,873.00 for the MS Society. He won many saddles (11) over these years for the highest amount of money raised that year.

Ambrose is 96 years young and doing very well. He recently moved to a Senior Home (Heritage Towers) in Peace River as he thought it was time to relax and be waited on.



*Award from the Metis Local, presented to Ambrose in 2019.
One son, Lawrence, is missing from the photo.*

Parenteau, Edward (Eddy)

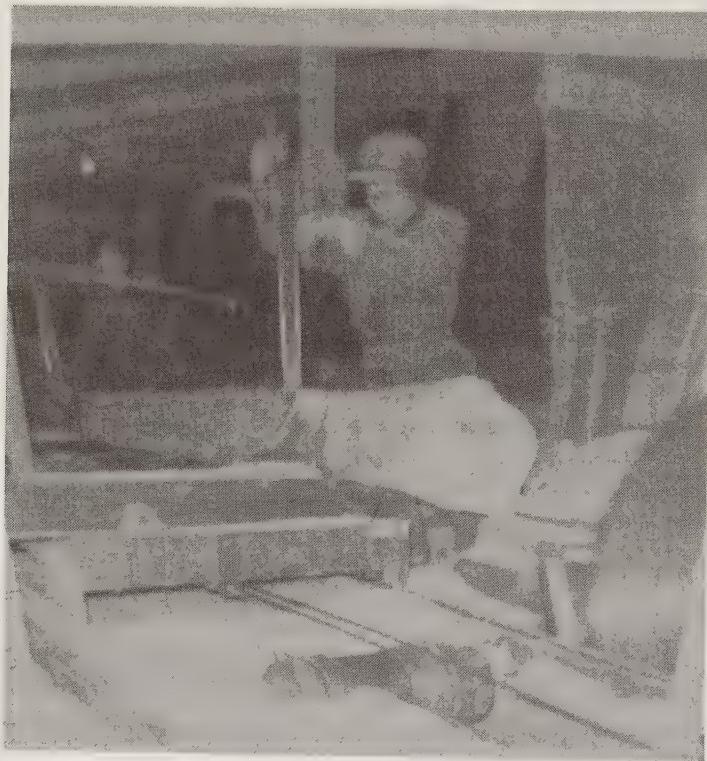
1932-2021

As told by: Eddy; Written by: Edna Cameron, daughter

I was born in Faust, Alberta on November 20, 1932, number six out of eight children. One of my earliest memories: I was in Edmonton hospital and could not walk. My mom came to get me. She left me sitting on the sidewalk and took Tommy in the house and came out for me. She had to carry both of us from the hospital, and Tommy was the baby.

In 1943, I was eleven years old and in grade four, when we came to Paddle Prairie. We rode on the train from Rocky Mountain House to Peace River, and then from Peace River, we travelled on a barge down the Peace River to Tompkins Landing. From there we herded our livestock on foot and carried our belongings to Paddle Prairie with teams of horses.

My family lived in a log shack when we first moved here. Dad later built a bigger home for us. We spoke Cree and English at home, my dad also spoke French. Mom took us to the Catholic Church, and we knelt on the floor to say the rosary in Cree at night with her.



Eddy Parenteau, sawing timber

Dad and my brothers trapped, fished, and hunted. Mom made jackets and gloves with the animal hides. Dad was a good provider, and he taught us to work hard.

There was a sawmill about 30 miles south of Manning. Dad and Octave worked there. Leo went to school. Ambrose worked for a farmer. He had his own truck and also hauled lumber. Tommy and I had to cut wood and haul it for the fire, and I did the chores for the animals.

I missed a lot of school, so in grade six I quit to do the chores. Dad squatted at the flats. I had to stay there, every year, with Muskwa, feeding dad's fifteen head of cattle, some horses. Francis Poitras had about fifty head that we fed as well. Dad taught me to work hard.

When I was 13, I got my favorite saddle horse in a trade with Octave for one he used in his chuck wagon. When I was fourteen, George Sinclair bought some horses to Paddle, and they got away and ran back to Hotchkiss. I had to go on horseback, by myself, and bring them back to Paddle. It got dark on the way home, and I was very tired, so I slept at Alex Gaucher's camp, because it was along the way. I got home with the horses the next day.

At 16, I started work for Fischer's Sawmill west of Notikewin, doing whatever job that I could do. I eventually becoming the sawyer.

I went to school with Delphine and that is how we met. At age 19, we got married on January 1, 1952, in Paddle Prairie. Delphine cooked at the mill while I worked there and we took our kids: Lorraine, Darlene, Hazel, Sam, Pearl, and Edna with us as much as we could. Supporting my wife and six kids at a young age was hard, at that time wages were low. I worked there until 1959.



Delphine & Eddy Parenteau

Delphine remembered that she was laughed at by the other kids when she started school, because she could not speak or understand English. She only spoke Cree, so she wanted the kids to speak good English when they went to school. That is why we only spoke Cree at home to each other when we did not want our kids to know what we were talking about, otherwise we spoke English to them.

I hunted wild game, such as: bear, moose, prairie chickens, snared rabbits, and beaver. I kept a rifle in my vehicle under the seat, and when there was a moose on the road, I shot it, bled it out and skinned it. I had farm animals, chickens, cows, and horses. I raised and trained all breeds of horses. I also supplied bucking horses for the local rodeo.

I moved my family to Hay River, where I drove truck for Byers Transport.

My dad died of a heart failure on November 1, 1958. We all helped mom out as much as we could, making sure there was always someone staying with her when Robert was working out of town. She was supplied with moose meat by her grown children.

Between 1960 and 1967, we had four more children: Robert, Clara, Edward, and Karen, and lived in different homes around Paddle Prairie. Delphine's sisters babysat when we could not take the kids to work with us. They also worked as her helpers at the mill when she needed them.

In 1964, Leo and I bought a sawmill in Chinchaga, where I sold my cattle to pay for my part of the mill. All the kids got a bad influenza flu and we had to be quarantined. I eventually bought Leo out, and later on, I sold the sawmill to Mr. Gibb, where he took it somewhere down south.

In 1967, we moved into Jimmy Lariviere's old house. It was one of our favorites. I built corrals and set up a farm operation. I also raised horses, made my own hay, stooked the bundles, and the kids helped. We always had milk, eggs, and meat. Every year we grew a big garden. The kids worked in it, hauling water from the well, hoeing, and picking the weeds. We had a root cellar to keep the garden vegetables fresh over winter.

Paddle Prairie got phones for the first time, and we had a party line. Sam and Bob made a fire in the furnace every day in the cellar, and it was the first house with floor registers. My son Sam learned to ride wild horses bareback at home, while I raised and broke horses. I raised and trained all breeds of horses, and I supplied wild saddle, and bareback horses for the Paddle rodeos. Sam won \$400 riding in the rodeo when he was fourteen years old.

I worked very hard to provide the necessities of life for my family, and I had to work away from home at various jobs most of the time. Every Christmas Eve we kept the kids up and took them to Midnight Mass and they opened their Christmas gift the next morning. The kids took cod liver oil pills, mixed with orange juice to keep them from getting sick in the winter time. We had an outhouse, and the toilet paper used was crumpled pages out of the catalogues. When they were sparse, leaves were used.

We had no electricity, nor running water at most of our homes. Coal oil lamps, kerosene lanterns, wood cook stoves, diesel heaters, slop pails and dishpans were used. We hauled water from the dugout and strained it with a dishcloth for our water supply at our homes that did not have a creek.

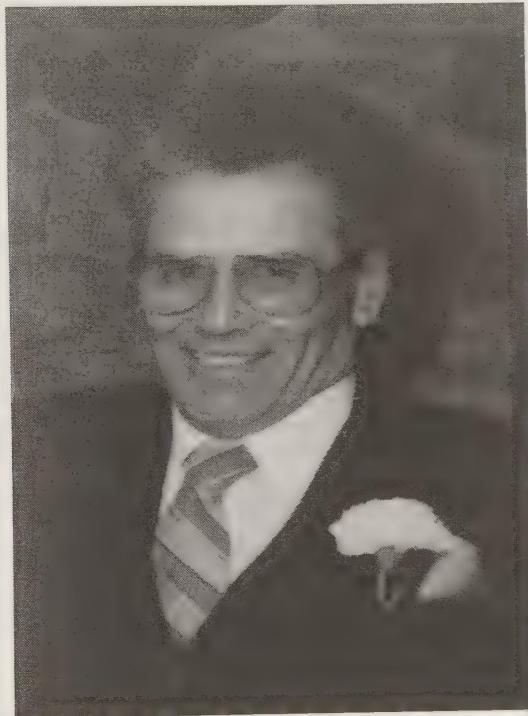
The house had to be kept clean every day and floors were always washed and waxed, because our friends and family were welcome to stop in, with no notice, and food was

served to our visitors. We usually had fresh bread out of the oven. We had a radio with batteries and a record player. We loved to listen to country music. We always prayed a blessing before and after meals, and the Lord's Prayer or the Rosary was said at night.

In the summertime, I took my family camping at Chinchaga River with my horse team, and Delphine made a teepee out of canvas for shelter. The kids loved fishing for our meals and berry picking was ongoing. We lived off the land when camping.

In 1968, I went back to work for Fischer's Sawmill. I moved my family to Notikewin. The older girls took care of the younger ones, while they went to school in Manning. Delphine took the little ones with her to the mill where she cooked for the crew there. After that, we had power and gas in our home and our first television.

There was a race track by my brother Octave's place in Paddle Prairie, by the old sawmill. This is where we both had our own team of Quarter horses and Chuck wagons. This later became the Rodeo Grounds. Friends from Manning and Hotchkiss would come to watch us.



Eddy Parenteau

I played the base fiddle at local dances and taught all my kids to dance. We took the kids to the dances and to Basket Socials. We played card games such as: whist, rummy, hearts, and crib with our friends, so the kids learned to play as well. We always took time to play games with our kids. They skated on the pond in the wintertime and played baseball in the summertime. We made sure the kids spent their time outside playing when the work was finished.

I lost Delphine on November 5, 1970, to cancer. She left our ten kids behind, with the youngest being four years old, and the oldest had just turned eighteen one day after her mom died. My sister Ernestine, who was Delphine's best friend, took all my young kids into her home, along with all of her own children for a few months. Eli and Ernestine had 14 kids all together in their home to feed and care for. My neighbor, and good friend and sister-in-law Evelyn, and my brother Ambrose, took care of my youngest children Edward and Karen while the older kids were in school.

I went to work as a sawyer in Assumption, Alberta. Sam quit school and worked with me in the mill and the kids went to school there.

In 1972, I went to work as a sawyer for Benson Sawmill in Garden River, Alberta. That fall, my son Eddy had surgery to straighten his crossed eye. He stayed at the hospital in Edmonton by himself, and I went back to pick him up when he was released from the hospital.

In November of 1972, Joyce and I had a baby son named Owen. On January 26, 1973, a fire broke out in our home, it burned to the ground where I lost Karen, Eddy, James, Owen, and Joyce, who all died in the tragic fire. Clara and Bob got out a window and escaped the fire.

After that, I went to work in the Arctic for MacMillan on road construction and plowing snow. He was the best boss I ever had.

In 1976, I worked for Estebrook Construction in Manning. On June 15, 1976, I married Gladys Houle in Manning Alberta. She was raising her grandson Derrick Brown. Her daughter Janet and my daughter Clara were still at home. That summer I moved to Quesnel, British Columbia (B.C.), with Gladys and the kids, where I worked on heavy equipment. All of my kids moved to B.C., Gladys and I had great family times with Bunny and her boys, as well as all of our kids.

In 1981, we moved to Chetwynd, B.C. There I was running cat again. Two years later, we moved to Eliske Shrine corner, where I worked on road construction for Dechant Construction.

A couple of years later we moved to Paddle Prairie. Eventually we settled down at the very end of Chinchaga Road, where we broke fresh land. Sam and Bobby helped me clear the timber off the land with my cat. Gladys, Sam, Bob, Darlene, Pearl, and their kids helped to build the fence, as it was a lot of hard work. I made all of the fence posts and used smaller logs for joiners.

Gladys had a big and beautiful garden right beside the river. We had a large herd of cattle and a goose that chased everyone.

I did horse logging on the Paddle Prairie settlement, and my wife Gladys lived with me in a small bunkhouse onsite. Gladys was my bookkeeper for many years and camp cook. I entered heavy horse pull competitions with my son Bobby locally. Bob entered the Northlands Horse Pull in Edmonton and I assisted him. I was the hooker.



Eddy Parenteau and his son Bobby at the horse pull in Edmonton.

In November 1988, Gladys and I hit black ice near Whitecourt, Alberta. I was taken to the hospital and was later let out. After a few days my neck was still stiff and very sore. So I went back to the hospital, where they found out that I broke my neck. I had surgery in Edmonton and went back home with a halo on my head. I still had the halo on when I went to work. I got shook up while I was working on the cat and my head started to bleed. I was flown by air ambulance back to Edmonton hospital. They took the halo off, and I was healed.

Ernestine, Susie, Robert, Gladys, Eva, and I went to a Charismatic Catholic Church in Cleveland, Ohio one summer, where lots of miracles were happening. What a blessed time we had. My heart really changed towards God. He became so real to me, and I always wanted to go back.

In 1993, I had surgery to replace my lens, because I had trouble seeing. When I was cat skinning in B.C. a stick injured my eye.

In 1998, we left Chinchaga and moved to the hamlet of Paddle Prairie, due to Gladys' health, where we resided until Gladys had to go into long term care. I took care of my wife at home as long as I could. Gladys and I were married for almost forty years. My kids and grandkids were always over helping us, and I am very thankful for them all.

Sadly, my beloved wife Gladys passed away in High Level long-term care on January 11, 2015.

I was going to work one day, and my chest was hurting, so I went to the doctor, and I found out I was having a heart attack. I had open heart surgery at Edmonton in March 2006, where they replaced a valve. Later on, I had to get a pacemaker. It took a long time for me to heal. We were living in my brother Robert's house on the settlement at that time. I had to quit working at age seventy-six. Bob had been closing to my side, helping me wherever I need it. I sure miss him since his passing February 16, 2016.

In the summer of 2019, we had the Chuckegg Creek Wildfire that ripped through the north end of Paddle Prairie, and took out 16 homes, including two of my granddaughter's homes. We were evacuated to Grande Prairie, Alberta, for two months, until we were cleared to go home. It all happened so suddenly; I did not move my horses. I just prayed and asked the Lord to take care of them, and my horses were still here when I got home.

I fed and watered my four big horses until this summer, 2021, then I sold them. I am turning 89 years old this November. I still live at home here in Paddle Prairie with Hazel. She's my cook and helper.

I am blessed with a big family, all of my children and grandchildren come home to see me when they can. Darlene stayed with me for many years cooking and cleaning for me. Sadly, she passed away October 24, 2019. Lorraine moved back home to Paddle, and it is good to have her close by. My grandchildren and members of our community drive us to our doctor appointments, shopping in High Level, and they bring us moose meat. Pearl has been planting my garden and weeding it for the last few years. I love potatoes and eat garden fresh ones all winter. We are blessed to live in a community of caring people. My son Sam helps me out whenever I need it.

I have had a good long life with many great memories, lots of trials and tests. I am thankful to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I am blessed with many good friends and a huge family. Counting all of my children, grandchildren, great and great-great grandchildren, I have over one hundred descendants.

Gladys and I were close to all of our grandchildren when they were growing up. I thank our kids for bringing them home to visit us. I have a couple sets of 5 generations in my family line.

Edna Cameron: Sadly, my dad [Edward (Eddy) Parenteau] died October 31, 2021, and will be buried at Paddle Prairie Cemetery.

Parenteau, Leo

1929-2014

Written by: Della Koch, daughter

Leo was born in LeGoff, Alberta, on July 20th, 1929, to his parents, Flora Anderson, and Samuel Parenteau. He spent his younger years living in LeGoff, Edmonton, and the Rocky Mountain House area. He grew up with his siblings Octave, Ambrose, Susie, Ernestine, Eddy, Tommy & Robert.

In 1942, Grandpa Sam Parenteau was told by Jim Brady that a Metis settlement was being established in northern Alberta, between Manning and High Level, and that they should move there. So, Grandpa made the decision to pack up his family, livestock, and all their belongings, and find that land flowing with milk and honey.

They left from Rocky Mountain House on a train. Livestock had to be transported on a separate train. Only two were allowed to ride on the train that transported the animals. Aunty Susie and Leo were chosen; Uncle Eddy really wanted to come as well so they hid him amongst the feed. Dad was 13 years old; Aunty Susie was 15 and Uncle Eddie was 9 when they moved. The train would make stops and they would have to feed and water the animals. Leo kept watching the names on the water towers as they passed each town. They met the rest of the family in Peace River and were transported the rest of the way on a scow up the Peace River, along with the Lariviere family.

He remembers arriving at Tompkins Landing and looking at the shore, and seeing big, tall, black poplar, bugs swarming around him. . . They were wondering where in the heck they were!!!



Leo and Margaret Parenteau on their wedding day, with their parents: Joe and Grace McGillivray (on the left) and Flora and Sam Parenteau on the right.

On December 30th, 1955, he married Margaret McGillivray and they began their life together in Paddle Prairie. They raised six children: Valerie, Davie (Suzanne), Della (Dave), Gwen (Randy), Sandra & Ted (Audrey).

Leo loved to tease and give nicknames to everyone. Some of those names are Tootsie, Heazzy, Murff, Chief, Scrub, Nikki, and Cookie; the four Villeneuve girls were Maggie, Charlie, Adam, and Archie; other nicknames included Chaboy, Big Man, Chrissy, and Nip & Tuff. His teasing and his ability to make people laugh was a gesture of his love. It was evident that he became a friend to his children and grandchildren.

When Dallas was in grade 3, he was asked to write a story and state who his best friend was. . . Dallas noted that his best friend was Grandpa Leo.

His love of gloves was instilled by his mom Flora. She made him his first pair of gloves when he was around 10 years old. At the age of 12 he shot his first elk. With the help of Aunty Susie, they skinned and butchered the elk. He had shot it right at the edge of the river. He had taken his gloves off and remembered setting them down to skin and cut up the meat. When they were packing up to go home it was dark...he forgot his gloves. . . he held that regret forever.

He worked many years as an owner/operator, which included a gravel truck, flatbed, D4 and D6 cats. In the '60s, he was a sawyer and a logger at Fischer's Sawmill, west of Manning, for many years. The boys had many stories about incidents that happened out in the bush.



Leo Parenteau

In 1975, he began his career with Alberta Gas Trunkline, Nova (now TransCanada). He worked his way up to be a supervisor and retired in 1986 from his position in Slave Lake.

He moved back to Paddle Prairie, and with his son Davie purchased a log truck and spent one winter hauling logs. In 1988, he was hired on as the Utility Operator for the Paddle Prairie Gas Co-op.

He loved to assist family and friends to fix any mechanical troubles in his private work shop. Grandma Grace would watch him go in there in the morning only to come out for lunch and supper. One day she told Margaret, "*I don't know what Leo does in there all day, maybe one day those shop doors will open, and he will fly out in an airplane.*"

Only until the computerized world evolved, was he ever stumped...he had a gift of fixing and repairing anything mechanical, and everyone knew they would get results when coming to him!

As a child, he learned to play guitar by listening to Wilf Carter on the radio and taught himself the cords on a guitar that his older brother Ambrose bought for him. He was a great entertainer and story teller. People would gather at the campfires, during the summer, to listen to his music, stories, and occasional teasing.



Leo Parenteau

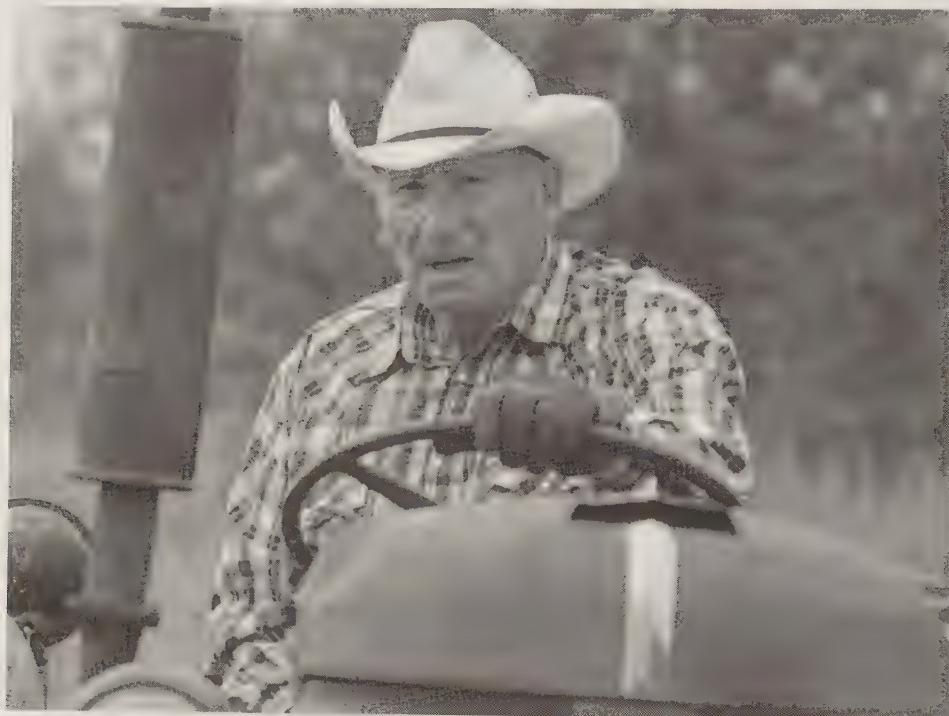
Only Leo could get away with bringing his guitar into a social gathering, overshadow the band and outlast the band. He recorded two CDs. Now his beautiful singing voice will be a blessing in Heaven forever, but his music and love will live on in each of us.

He was a little bit of an outlaw in his days. There was a time, during a rodeo in Paddle Prairie, west by the old sawmill, when police officers showed up and began checking vehicles and campers for open liquor. One of the police officers got into the back of

Uncle Tommy's truck, not realizing what he was doing. Tommy and Leo drove off to Tommy's house with the officer in the back, hanging on for dear life, with the other officer in wild pursuit. That officer must have learned a lesson that day, that you didn't mess with them Parenteaus from Paddle Prairie.

Leo purchased a lot of campers in his day, he enjoyed camping at rodeos and family reunions. Every camper was the perfect one!

Leo was raised in a ranch, farm, and horse culture when he was young. He never became a chuckwagon driver like his brothers, but was an outrider suited with chaps, spurs, a cowboy hat, and probably his best riding gloves ready to wrangle old Warpaint. He did have some of that wagon driving in his blood, and he purchased a wagon team and made 22 wagon trips starting in 1990 from Paddle Prairie to Manning in time for the Manning Rodeo.



Leo, on his tractor, working the land.

He also wanted to stay in good physical shape. He bought an exercise bike, an Ab Cruncher, and Ab Melt Away machines. When he got his Ab Melter home, he had a problem. . . The cord was too short to get to the fridge (ha ha).

He blazed a trail that not too many people could follow. He set a good example for his children, nieces, nephews, and many others to aspire to follow.

Leo was called home on January 9, 2014, at the age of 84. We know that Jesus wrapped Leo in His loving arms and that a celebration took place as he showed us through a dream that was accentuated with gold and fireworks.

Parenteau, Octave

1923-2005

Written by: Audrey Breaker, daughter

Octave Samuel Parenteau was born on November 12th, 1923, in Chinook, Montana. His parents were Flora (Anderson) and Sam Parenteau. At the time, they were living and working on the Miller Ranch in Montana. My grandfather [Sam Parenteau] was a rancher and a freighter, so they moved to Montana where the work was.



My dad Octave on the right, and his younger brother Ambrose, on the left. That homemade hay feeder was definitely unique. A prime example of the ingenuity of our people. This picture would have been taken in the late 1920's.

When my dad [Octave Parenteau] was a young man, he was a bronc rider and rode in the Calgary Stampede, along with some of his Anderson uncles. He was a good ranch hand and enjoyed working with horses. He found work around the Strathmore area, working for the Knight family. This was in the mid 1940s, prior to moving to Paddle Prairie.

When he moved north, he met our mother, Bertha Martineau, whom he married on December 26th, 1945. My mother told me that they used a dog team and toboggan to get to their wedding service in Keg River. They had to get married the day after Christmas, because the priest only came around a few times a year.

Together they raised six children: Arthur, Audrey (me), Stanley, Marvin, Betsy, and Earl. They lost a daughter at birth, in 1959, given the name Faye. She is buried in Edmonton, location unknown.

My brother Earl told me the following story, that our dad had told him about his younger days:

"One summer, maybe around 1928-29, our family moved from the Crow Agency to Edmonton. My dad had been working as a farmer down there. I must have been about 5 or 6 years old. I rode a horse and herded some loose horses. Sometimes my parents would tie me on the horse so I wouldn't fall off when I fell asleep in the hot sun.

Our Mom drove a team of horses and a democrat wagon, with the kids and our belongings. My dad drove a team of horses and a wagon, where he hauled barrels of water for the horses and our use. Sometimes we didn't find water for 2 or 3 days. Sometimes we came to abandoned houses, where there would be a windmill and water for the horses.

As we travelled, the younger kids would jump out of the democrat and pick up cow chips and twigs, so that we could make a fire in the evening to cook on. It seems that it took us the whole summer to get to Edmonton."

One of my favorite memories of my dad Octave is that he was a hard worker and was very ingenious when it came to doing things around the farm. We learned to help out at the barn and how to ride horses while we were young. My dad always made sure we rode bareback, until he thought we could handle the horses well, then he allowed us to use a saddle.

We always had horses, cows, pigs, and chickens. So, us kids always had chores to do, morning and night, such as feeding the horses and cows, cleaning the barn, milking the cows, and slopping the pigs. All that had to be done before we went to school. Then in the evening, there was wood to cut and chop, and water or snow to haul for use at the house.

My dad was a hunter, trapper, logger, farmer, rancher, cowboy, chuckwagon driver, and bus driver. He did whatever he could to make a living for our family, even if that meant being away from home for weeks or months at a time. His trapline was south of Keg River, down along the Mackenzie Highway.

As I'm sure you know by now, that nearly everyone in our community had nicknames. My dad's nickname was "Big Iron". Not sure where he got the nickname, but I'm sure there is a story to with the name.



Willy Armstrong and my dad Octave, after a hunt.

One summer, he was foreman of a slashing crew that were clearing the bush so that the Northern Alberta Railway could be built north to High Level. Our camp was down off the highway, north of Twin Lakes, where the railway now crosses the highway. I was about 12 or 13 at the time, and I was the head cook and bottle washer for the crew. Not that my cooking skills were very advanced, but they ate whatever I could scramble up that day.

Our dad knew he could depend on us to take care of things at home while he was away. Most of the chores fell on my two brothers: Stan and Marvin, and myself.

Most of all, he was a great storyteller. He loved to tell stories of the past, of his family, and growing up in Montana and Alberta. He also loved to tell the stories of his rodeo and chuckwagon days, and all the people he met along the way.

One time when my husband and I came home for a visit with the family, in the middle of winter, my dad asked Bob to go with him to haul some round bales. Lo and behold, there they were with his horses and sleigh, pulling a car hood, with a round bale on it.

I have a picture of that because I thought it was so unique. My dad was never stuck for anything. He made use of everything.

Another memory I cherish is of my dad taking my brother Stan and I out to the bush in the wintertime, to show us how to look for rabbit trails, know what they looked like, and where to set the rabbit snares. I was 11 years old, and my brother was 9. Then he showed us how to set the snare.

He told us he wanted us to know how to do that, so when he was away from home working, we would always have something to eat for supper. After that, my brother and I would have to go nearly every day to check our snares, and make sure the coyotes or wolves didn't get our kill.

Our dad was a taskmaster. He expected us to do the best we could, and nothing less. When we were teenagers, if we went out dancing and didn't come home until daylight, he would get us out of bed by 7:00 a.m., saying "*If you can go out dancing all night, you can get up and work all day.*" So, we would have to get up and do whatever he had planned for the day.



Octave Parenteau and his chuckwagon, winning another race.

He loved to drive his chuckwagon team and compete at the various rodeos and chuckwagon shows in the Peace Country. He competed against some of the best, such as Kelly Sutherland. He was invited to the Calgary Stampede after he won the North Peace Chuckwagon Association. However, he chose not to go to Calgary Stampede for various reasons, mainly because of the cost of going down the road, and being unsure of sponsors. He kept his wagon on the road for many years, and how he could afford it, I will never know. I do know that I bought him a thoroughbred horse one time. After he was in a terrible wreck in Manning, and ended up in the hospital, he finally gave up driving his chuckwagon.

One of the stories my brother Marvin told of my dad is this:

"We were horse logging up in northern B.C. We needed a cook, so Earl asked our dad to come and cook for the crew.

Budson, Stan, and Marvin were there and a couple of grandsons too. So, our sister-in-law Penny brought up a load of groceries.

My dad cooked up a stew for supper. So, when the crew came into eat, my dad told them 'I made a good stew for you. I even threw in them monkey balls'.

I guess everyone was wondering what he was talking about. When they started to eat, they found out it was the kiwi he was talking about. He didn't know if it was a fruit or a vegetable. Everyone had a good laugh about that."

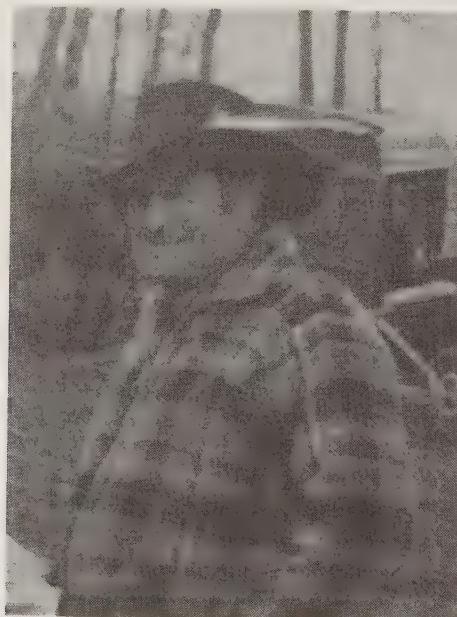


Recognition certificate given to my dad, in 2001, for his contribution to improving the community.



*My dad Octave with three of his great grand daughters:
Sarah Yellow Old Woman, Erin Breaker, and Elizabeth Ferguson. Fall 2004.
This was one of the last pictures I took of my dad before his passing.*

He used to love to tease his nieces, nephews, grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren, and loved to give them nicknames. His stories were notorious about hunting and the olden days. His loving ways, his kindness, and his sense of humour will be forever missed.



My dad Octave Parenteau, and his famous eagle feather, which he passed on to his nephew Glen Ridsdale.

My dad passed away in July 2005 of a brain aneurism. He was on his way back, via air ambulance, from the University Hospital in Edmonton to High Level, when he passed away. He is buried in the Paddle Prairie cemetery.



The team, driven by my brother Marvin, taking my fathers casket to the graveyard, July 2005.

Parenteau, Robert

1938-2004

Written by: Edna Cameron, niece

Ed remembers his youngest brother: Robert Francis Parenteau was born in Rocky Mountain House on May 29, 1938. We stayed there for a while, then moved to Buck Lake, where Robert started school. He was the youngest child of Flora and Sam Parenteau. His siblings were: Octave, Ambrose, Susie, Leo, Ernestine, Eddy, and Tommy.



Robert Parenteau, feeding the chickens when he was young.

We moved to Paddle Prairie in 1943, he was seven years old. His job when he was little was to feed the chickens. Robert had a good bicycle and traded Jimmy Supernault for an unbroken horse. The horse was running loose. I remember seeing Robert catch her and break her. He proved he was part cowboy and hung on and rode her. He went to school and did well. He made lots of friends.

Robert was raised a devoted Catholic. In the summer, he went with Mom to the Lac Ste. Anne Pilgrimage, which she attended yearly.

Robert's first job was at Fisher's Sawmill, where he worked for Susie in the kitchen as a chore boy for a couple of years. As he got older, he eventually worked at the sawmill. Robert drove truck for many years. He worked in the bush falling trees and did whatever jobs came along. He was a very hard worker and was always away from Paddle Prairie on the job.

Whenever he worked out of town, he made sure someone was staying with Mom, because he didn't want her to be alone. Although, she was very independent and worked hard. He lived with Mom in a house just south of the Paddle Prairie turn off and took good care of her until she passed away on July 6, 1971, from cancer.

He was a kind, loving, gentle, and good man. Robert was everyone's favorite uncle and brother. He went to church, prayed the rosary daily and he fasted every Wednesday and Friday.

Robert was very involved in the Cursillo movement, with the Breakers and many others, in the 1980s and '90s. He took pride in his work for the Lord, making his Catholic Cursillo on May 15, 1986, in Winterburn at the Enoch Reserve. On those Cursillo weekends, Jesus led Christians to deepening their faith, love, and hope.

Robert's responsibility as a team member was to be a friend, make a friend and he brought many friends to Christ. Hundreds of people made their Cursillo because Robert invited them to go. He let himself be an instrument of the Lord and found people who were seeking to walk with Jesus. As a candidate, on those weekends people joined a family of adults who had found in the Cursillo a weekend to really grow, to understand how truly unique and wonderful they are, and experienced the love of God as it shines through the hearts of others.

Robert was selected and worked very hard in different positions. He served the Lord at these Men's Cursillos, showing his dedication to his spirituality. Some that we know of are: at the Blackfoot Reserve on June 18-21, 1987, as a team member; at Hobbema, October 15-18, 1987, as a team member; at Kateri Mission School, in Grande Prairie April 7-10, 1988, in the position of Kitchen worker; at Blackfoot Deerfoot Sportsplex on April 28- May 1, 1988, as a team member; he received a Certificate of Excellence for outstanding performance, Saddle Lake Men's Cursillo on August 14, 1988; at Good Shepard School in Peace River, on March 30-April 2, 1989, in the position of Front Sacristan; at Grande Prairie, October 6-9, 1989 position Kitchen team; at Enoch Recreation Center, May 9-12, 1991; at Grouard, on July 4-7, 1991; at Peace River Glenmary School, October 11-14, 1991; at Glenmary School Peace River April 10-13, 1992; at Alexis Men's Cursillo June 18-21, 1992, position table worker; at Fairview October 9-12, 1992, position of Laity Backup; at Glenmary School Peace River April 15-18, 1993, position of Front on the Laity Rollo; at Peigan/Bloods Men's Cursillo, July 4, 1993; at Fairview, October 8-11, 1993 position of Kitchen worker; at Fairview, April 7-10, 1994, position of Backup Piety; at Grande Prairie, October 7-10, 1994, position of Front Piety; and at Peigan/Blood Reserve, July 2, 1995 working in the Chapel.

Somewhere between 1995-96, Gladys, Susie, Robert, and I met with Lorna Keras at her home in B.C. Oh, what a time we had! We were on fire for Jesus. She was a powerful prophetic woman, who spoke to us with prophetic words that Jesus spoke to us through her. She was a wonderful woman, who knew God's love and shared it with us when we met her. When she prayed for us, we knew she was praying from the heart of God!



Robert, Ernestine, and Gladys and Eddy in Cleveland, Ohio.

After the old church burned down, Robert assisted in the construction of the new Catholic Church in Paddle Prairie and made sure the interior with all the benches was completed and ready to serve the community.

Robert was very much involved in the Lord's work. He met Eva and Frances McDonald, who came to Paddle, and he helped them with their spiritual work, putting up the cross at the church and in front of his house as well. Our lady instructed Ernestine, Susie, Gladys, me, Eva, Francis, and Robert to go to a Charismatic Catholic Church in Cleveland, Ohio. None of us had ever been there before, the Holy Spirit was moving through us, and we could not stay away from the church, singing praises, praying, and enjoying each other's company.

Robert lived in a trailer and farmed on the Chinchaga Road. Not many years before his passing he got a new house in the settlement of Paddle Prairie, where he resided until his death. He was on his way home from Grande Prairie, after checking on furniture for the Church, when he passed away.



Robert Parenteau

A beautiful life came to a sudden end on December 19, 2004, at the age of sixty-six years old. He died everyone's friend. He was always thoughtful, loving and kind. What a precious memory he left behind.

He left us suddenly, his thoughts unknown. But he left us memories we are proud to own. Treasure him, God in your garden of rest. For in our world, he was one of the best.

Robert was buried at Paddle Prairie Cemetery.

Parenteau, Sam

1898-1959

Written by: Audrey Breaker, daughter

Samuel Pierre Parenteau was born in Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, on October 2nd, 1898. His parents were Julie (Ross) and Joseph Parenteau. His mother, Julie Ross, was born in 1872 to her parents John Ross and Marguerite Grant. They came from the Red River area in Manitoba, as well as his paternal grandparents: Joseph & Julie (Houle) Parenteau.

According to Sprague & Frye in *The Genealogy of the First Metis Nation: The Development and Dispersal of the Red River Settlement 1820-1900* (1983), *Table 1: Genealogies of Red River Households, 1818-1870*, Grandpa Sam's grandfather was Joseph Parenteau (1837), and his grandmother was Julie Houle (1838), who both came from the St. Norbert area of the Red River Settlement in Manitoba. His grandfather Joseph's ID number was 3810.

Other siblings in his grandfather's family, identified by #3810, were: Rosalie (12), Napolean (10), John (8), Alexandrine (5), and Jeremie (2). My great grandfather Parenteau was born in 1873, as listed in Sprague & Frye, *Table 4: Geographical Location and Children of Manitoba Families: 1870*.

Furthermore, according to Sprague & Frye, *Table 6: Dispersal and Relocation of the Manitoba Metis*, my great grandfather Joseph Parenteau (son of Joseph Parenteau and Julie Houle) was relocated to English River, Saskatchewan in 1900. According to the 1870 Census, his siblings, Damase (1877) and Marie (1871), were both relocated to Duck Lake, Saskatchewan.

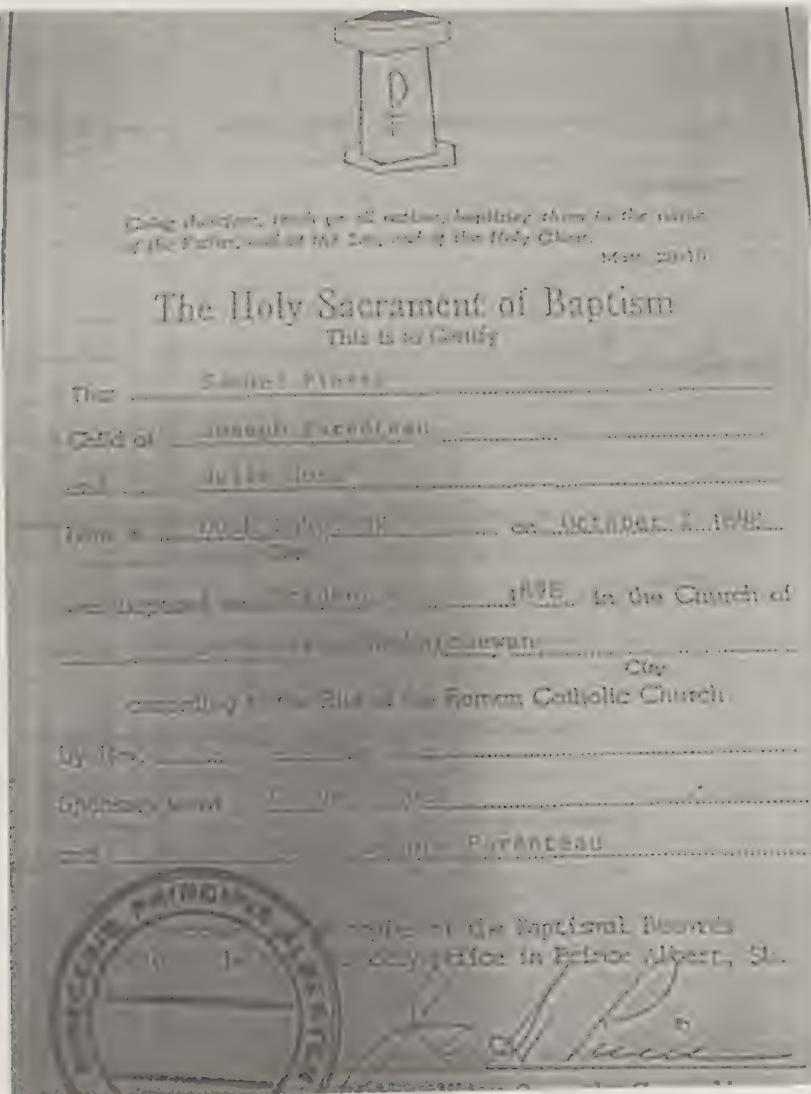
From Duck Lake, Grandpa Sam's family moved to the St. Paul des Metis in the early 1900s. This community had been set up by Father Albert Lacombe to benefit the poor Metis people who had been forced to move after the 1885 Metis Resistance in Saskatchewan.

They were only there a few years, when once again, their land base was dissolved in 1909 by the government and given to the French settlers that were moving into the St. Paul area. As a result, my grandfather's family found themselves 'landless' once again, and decided to move south to Montana, as did other Metis families. This is where my grandfather found work on a ranch near Chinook, Montana.

My great grandfather, Joseph Parenteau is buried in Lewistown, Montana.



My great uncle Oliver Anderson is on the left, and my grandfather Sam Parenteau is on the right. As I understand this picture was taken by the Hudson's Bay Company post in Keg River, in the early 1940s.



My grandfather Sam Parenteau's baptism certificate.

At the time of our grandfather's birth, his family was living at Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, where they had moved after the 1885 Metis resistance and uprising in Manitoba.



My grandfather Sam Parenteau, 18 years old, in his army uniform with the Regina Rifles, 1916.

One of the stories our dad told us about our grandfather is this:

"My dad signed up with the Royal Regina Rifles when he was 17 years old. [As the attestation papers below indicate], he was in the military for 4 months before his dad informed them that he was underage. Of course, he was sent home. The next year, when he was 18 years old, him and his dad Joseph, both joined the Royal Regina Rifles. Because his dad was a good horseman, he was put looking after the horses."

Triple cue-

ATTESTATION PAPER.

No. 2684428.
Foto. 36

CANADIAN OVER-SEAS EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

QUESTIONS TO BE PUT BEFORE ATTESTATION.

1. What is your surname?
2. What are your Christian names?
3. What is your present address?
4. In what Town, Township or Parish, and in what Country were you born?
5. What is the name of your next-of-kin?
6. What is the address of your next-of-kin?
7. What is the relationship of your next-of-kin?
8. What is the date of your birth?
9. What is your Trade or Calling?
10. Are you married?
11. Are you willing to be vaccinated or re-vaccinated and immunised?
12. Do you now belong to the Active Militia?
13. Have you ever served in any Military Forces?
Or any other part of the forces overseas.
14. Do you understand the nature and terms of your engagement?
15. Are you willing to be admitted to serve in the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force?
16. Have you ever been discharged from any Branch of His Majesty's Forces as invalid or unfit?
17. Have you ever refused to serve in any Branch of His Majesty's Forces and been rejected?
18. If so, what was the reason?

Parenteau,
Samuel.
R.R. #2, R.R. #2, Regina Saskatchewan, Canada.
Joseph Parenteau,
Frog Lake, Alberta, Canada.
Father.
October 1st, 1898.
Hancher.
No.
Yes.
No.
Yes, 4 Months in 177th Batt; C.E.F.
Yes.
Yes.
No.
Yes.
Under age.

DECLARATION TO BE MADE BY MAN ON ATTESTATION.

I, **Samuel Parenteau**, do solemnly declare that the above are answers made by me to the above questions and that they are true, and that I am willing to fulfil the engagements to me now made, and I hereby engage and agree to serve in the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force, and to be attached to any arm of the service therein, for the term of three years, or during the war now existing between Great Britain and Germany, or until that war has longer than said term, and for a month after the termination of that war provided His Majesty should so long require my services, or until legally discharged.

S. Parenteau (Signature of Recruit)

Date May 11th, 1916. *117723* (Signature of Witness)

OATH TO BE TAKEN BY MAN ON ATTESTATION.

I, **Samuel Parenteau**, do make Oath, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majestey King George the Fifth, His Heirs and Successors, and that I will serve in His Majestey's Army and faithfully defend His Majestey, His Heirs and Successors, in Seawar, Landwar and Airwar, against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of His Majestey, His Heirs and Successors, and of all the Generals and Officers set over me. So help me God.

S. Parenteau (Signature of Recruit)

Date May 11th, 1916. *117723* (Signature of Witness)

CERTIFICATE OF MAGISTRATE.

The Recruit above-named was examined by me that if he made any false answer to any of the above questions he would be liable to be punished as provided in the Army Act.

The above questions were then read to the Recruit to my presence.

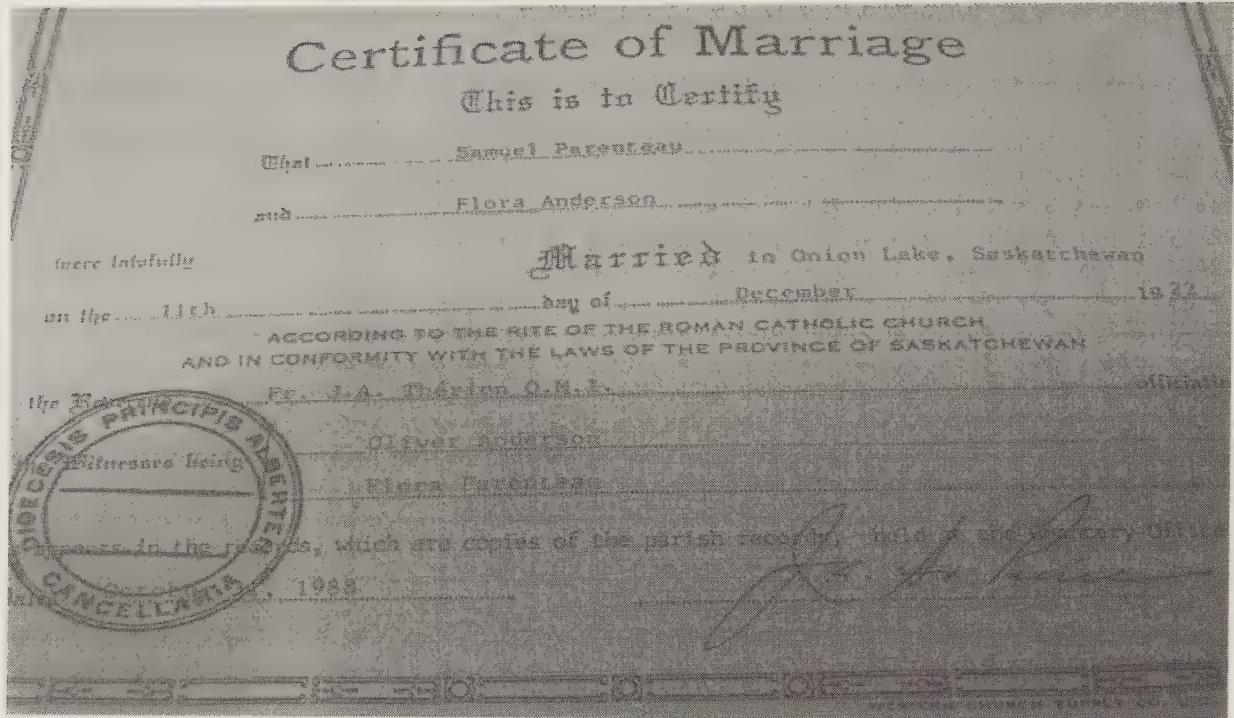
I have taken care that he understands each question, and that his answer to each question has been duly entered as replied to, and the said Recruit has made and signed the declaration and taken the oath before me, at **Regina**, the **11th** day of **May**, 1916.

A. J. Bell (Signature of Justice)

IN THE NAME OF
THE KING
BY A JUSTICE
OR A COMMISSIONER
OR A CLERK
OR AN ATTORNEY
OR A NOTARY PUBLIC
OR A REGISTRA

RE. ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE FACT THAT ANY PERSON MAKING A FAKE ANSWER TO ANY OF THE ABOVE
QUESTIONS IS LIABLE TO A PENALTY OF ONE MONTH'S IMPRISONMENT.

My grandfather Sam Parenteau's attestation papers, May 1916 (www.ancestry.com).



My grandparents' marriage certificate, December 1922.

My grandfather married Flora Anderson, in Onion Lake, Saskatchewan, on December 11th, 1922. My grandparents raised 8 children: Octave (my dad), Ambrose, Susie, Leo, Eddy, Ernestine, Tommy, and Robert.

After they were married, they moved to Montana, where my grandfather worked on a ranch. Their first child, my dad Octave, was born in Chinook, Montana in November 1923.

The family moved wherever the work was. Our grandfather even worked in the Crow Agency tribal area. Some of the family was born in Montana, and the others were born in Alberta.

Our grandfather also helped build the highway between Banff and Jasper, through the mountains, until he got altitude sickness. Then he was forced to stop working on that highway. At the time, they were living near Nordegg, Alberta.

After the Metis Settlement was opened in Paddle Prairie, my grandfather was invited by Jim Brady to move his family there, with the promise of title to land to farm. So, my grandparents packed up their family and all their belongings, along with the horses and cows, and moved north.

As the picture below indicates, it seems that my grandfather Sam, along with other Metis men, went on an excursion to Paddle Prairie to check out the situation, and see if it was possible to make a living there, and raise his family there. He was looking for a place to call home.



My grandfather, Sam Parenteau, is on the left. This was at Tompkins Landing, along the Peace River, when he first arrived in Paddle Prairie. Notice the pack he was carrying on his back.



My grandfather Sam's family. They carried on his legacy.

Samuel Parenteau

Written by: Edna Cameron, granddaughter

He joined the army before he was 18. Grandpa Joseph went for him and then left him there. Someone told the army Samuel was a bronc rider, so they put him with the war horses to train until the war was over. Samuel and another guy were breaking horses and the horse he broke was a thoroughbred. He met the other guy, and they raced horses. Samuel's horse left his in the dust!

Flora Anderson was raised in Fishing Lake, Alberta, and Samuel in Onion Lake, Saskatchewan. When they moved from Edmonton to Rocky Mountain House he was working for various farmers and his youngest son Robert was born there. They moved to the Baptiste River where there was lots of logging camps and elk there. Samuel worked at the logging camps, and he hunted wild game for their livelihood. They had a big garden, and a meat rack for drying meat. Flora used to tan the elk hides, make moccasins, moose hide jackets, and vests for Ambrose and Leo.

They took the train from Rocky Mountain House to Peace River. One box car had their animals, and the other had them and the kids. They took the barge from Peace River to Tompkins Landing, and then horse and wagon to Paddle Prairie in 1943.

When everyone came to Paddle, Samuel later went to see Octave by train in Calgary where he was working, and 3 days later went by train to meet the rest of his family. That winter we got to Paddle, Flora and baby Robert went to see Octave in Calgary. They missed each other on different trains, but Octave saw her, so he turned around and went back for her.

Samuel first moved his family to a log home on Clarence Houle's land. Then they moved to land close to Tommy's place, where he built his own log home. In 1952, Samuel traded that parcel with George Sinclair to move to where young Samuel Parenteau resides today. He added an addition to the house he traded with George. Samuel farmed a couple hundred acres with his horses.

For a few years, Sam had high blood pressure. Most of the boys worked at Fischer's Sawmill. Ken Fischer built a house in Notikewin. Sam and Flora lived there for a couple of years. Sam and Flora stayed with them until he passed away in January 1958. After he passed away, Robert built a house near Ambrose's place for him and grandma Flora. Flora had cancer and passed away July 1971.

Parenteau, Thomas (Tommy)

1935-2017

Written by: Joyce Parenteau, wife

Tommy Parenteau was born in Edmonton on October 27, 1935. He was the 7th out of 8 children born to his parents, Sam & Flora Parenteau. The family had moved around in different places where his dad found employment.

From Edmonton they moved to Rocky Mountain House and settled there for a few years before they decided to move to Paddle Prairie Settlement. Along with their belongings and some livestock, they travelled by train to Peace River, and then by boat to reach their destination at Tompkins Landing in 1944. They travelled by horses and wagons for 16 miles to get to the settlement. They settled on the east side.

The family worked together to build their home and the barns to accommodate the livestock, pigs, chickens, and a few cattle that they had brought with them. All the family helped. They cut down trees, which were used to make fences and corrals for the animals. They had to cut hay for the stock, and they had a huge garden to tend to. They had a lot of work to do, but they thrived from hard work!

The boys had already learned to ride horses, and eventually they all learned to drive a team. As horses were the only mode of transportation in those early days, it was imperative to know how to handle the horses.

They had a good family upbringing and learned all the good values from their parents. They always attended church every Sunday like most families.

Often, their dad had to find employment away from home, so the older children were left to take care of the farm. As the boys got older, they went out to work at the sawmills, and some did horse logging.

Tom was 14 years old, when he went to work, hauling logs to the mill. Later he was employed driving a truck, hauling lumber to Grimshaw to the Plainer Mill. He did that for a few years, then advanced to operating heavy equipment, and excelled in all areas of work. He moved up the ladder to foreman positions.

He was employed in the Northwest Territories for a few years, working at the DEW line close to Baffin Island. He drove truck and hauled building supplies to remote villages, using an Inuit guide to point the direction they were to travel. It was an experience he never forgot!

Later, Tommy moved back home to work, in the early 60s. That is when he fell in love and married the love of his life, Joyce McGillivray. They settled a half mile north of where his parents had lived and took over farming their land.



Tommy and Joyce (McGillivray) on their wedding day, with the wedding party: Robert Parenteau, Audrey Parenteau, Josephine Johnston, and Duncan McGillivray.

Tommy and Joyce were blessed with 3 girls: Patricia, Marcella, and Loretta, who worked hard and helped their dad. They learned how to run the tractors and other farm equipment to do the farm work that had to be done. To this day, they are still feeling blessed to have experienced that life as they had horses to ride too.

It was during that time that two of his brothers: Octave and Eddy, got him interested in Chuckwagon racing at the local rodeos. This is driving 4 horses! Once the bug of wagon racing bite him, he never looked back, and made a career of chuckwagon racing for 26 years. He earned his way by winning the Peace Country Rodeo races and earned enough points to be invited to the Rangeland Derby at Calgary Stampede.



Tommy Parenteau, heading to the track, with his outrider Jack Christian, and holder.

The Rangeland Derby in Calgary, Alberta is a dream come true for all Chuckwagon drivers, which is broadcast on national television! Tommy had the opportunity to race in the Calgary Rangeland Derby 4 times! We were so proud of his accomplishments, our Northern Cowboy! In the years that he raced, he was awarded numerous trophies, buckles, and bridles!

During those years, he was a busy man. Besides chuckwagon driving, he owned and operated two school busses for 7 years. He also did "spare" driving for the Northland School Division on occasion.

In the early 1980s, Tommy was employed as a Settlement Foreman. He was responsible for various local employment standards, accountability and to keep things running smoothly on the Settlement. He was a 'jack of all trades': a mechanic, an electrician, and a plumber. Those skills were a benefit to him, as he often worked alone, in later years.



Tommy and Joyce Parenteau

When he retired from chuckwagon racing, he did a variety of things to work and keep busy. He did a winter of horse logging on the Settlement, a contract that was given to the locals to do select logging to preserve some allocated forests from clear cutting. This opportunity employed around 12 teams and employed around 40 people. It was a venture that was enjoyed by the teamsters of the community! They had their own little camps with outhouses and no power, like the old days.

Tom also owned a 'one-man operated band saw,' and cut his own lumber that he sold locally. He also sold loads of lumber he loaded and hauled to a mill in Nampa by himself, occasionally. He always told the girls & grandkids that "hard work never hurt anyone", and to do their work to the best of their ability.

Tom was a true gentleman, and a hard worker! His daughters and grandchildren were always a big help when he needed it. But he was a tough cowboy to the core, and always thought he could do it himself, and never wanted to ask for help.

He passed away in September 2017 and is buried in the Paddle Prairie Cemetery.

Richard, Ralph

1936-

Written by: Noella Richard, daughter

Ralph Richard (Ghostkeeper) was born in High Prairie, Alberta in 1936.

Ralph was 2 years old when his parents, Adolphus Ghostkeeper and Elsie Andrews, and his siblings, moved to the Keg River #1 Colony (Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement) in 1939. They travelled by train from High Prairie to Grimshaw in 1938, and then by horse-drawn wagons to Manning, where they stayed for the winter.

In the spring of 1939, the family travelled on a wagon trail from Manning to Paddle Prairie to settle on land, which his father Adolphus had staked out the previous year.

Ralph did chores on the farm. He milked the cows in the morning and evenings. He looked after the pigs and butchered them for meals. He helped with the farming and harvesting of the crops. He hauled hay with a wagon 5 miles east of Paddle Prairie, where the hay meadows were, and in the winter time he hauled the hay with the horse-drawn sleigh.

Ralph was an altar boy at the Catholic Church from 1946 to 1951. The Mass was read in Latin at that time, and at times, he would sneak a sip from the wine goblet. He continues to attend church regularly.

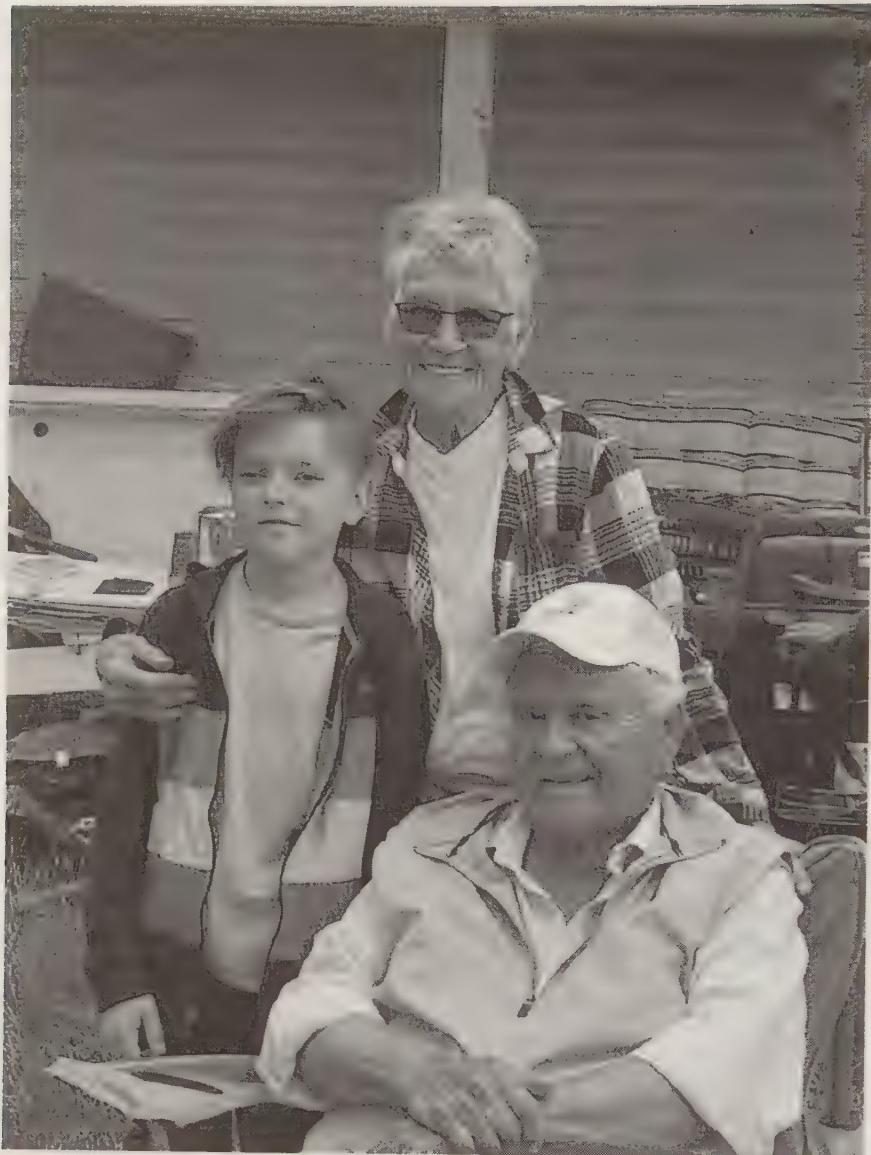
He started school once it was built in 1943. Ralph had the job to go and light the wood heater in the log school house in the winter when he was 10 years old. He had to put a pail of snow on the barrel heater to melt it into water for the students. He received \$10 per month. He alternated this task with Robert Parenteau.

Ralph would help his dad Adolphus and others, haul the freight from the boats at Tompkins Landing. With a team of horses, they would bring the supplies along the 15-mile route, starting in 1942.

Ralph learned how to play the guitar, and at the age of 10, and would cord for the local fiddlers at the house dances. Ralph was taught how to play the guitar at the age of 7. He practiced until his "fingers almost fell off" and went on to learn the mandolin, organ, and fiddle. He was one of the main singers at Church and continues to sing and play his instruments with his daughter, granddaughters, and great grandson at family gatherings.

He attended the Fairview Agricultural College in 1956 when he was 20 years old, where he learned more about farming and agriculture.

Ralph and his wife Mary (Supernault) were married on September 30, 1960. They were not allowed to have a Saturday wedding back in those days, as the church would not allow dancing from midnight to Sunday night. They had 5 children.



Ralph and Mary Richard and grandson

Ralph speaks English and Cree. Ralph has acted as a volunteer for local community agencies for many years. He attends Metis functions as often as he can, and he is proud of his heritage.

Ralph supported his family working first as a heavy equipment operator, and later, as an employment counsellor for Alberta Manpower (Employment Services).

He retired at the age of 65 but continued to drive the local school bus until he was 75. He now enjoys maintaining his 10-acre property and residence in Paddle Prairie, and travelling to visit family, watching air shows, the Calgary Stampede, and other entertainment.

Ridsdale, Eli

1921-2008

Written by: Joan Suddaby, daughter

Eli Ridsdale was born on November 23, 1921, and raised in Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan. His parents were William and Agnes (Ross) Ridsdale. He had three brothers and two sisters, they were raised on a cattle and horse ranch.

Eli and his brothers, along with the hired hands, worked hard on the ranch. They had to make enough hay for all the farm animals to last over the winter months. They used horses and wagons with hay racks to haul the hay to store over the winter for feeding the stock. Stooking, loading, and stacking the hay was all done by hand.

In the spring, they herded their cattle to pastureland. They had to build fences by hand and mend fences along with building pens to separate the cows and calves in the fall. And the pens were also used to separate the bulls from the cattle, as well as to brand and castrate the calves and colts.

Eli and his brothers were very involved in the rodeo life. Eli was a saddle bronc rider, his brother Lawrence was a calf roper, his brother Robert drove a chuckwagon, with assistance of Eli and the other two brothers. They also saddle broke all their own horses that they used for outriding and herding the cattle.

The Ridsdale family attended many stampedes and travelled through Saskatchewan and southern Alberta, including the Calgary Stampede. Each of them competing in their favorite event and helping their brother with the big event, the chuckwagon race. They came from a family of ranchers and cowboys.

Eli met his bride to be, Ernestine Parenteau, in 1951, in a café in Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan. Ernestine was travelling with her brother Eddy Parenteau, and they stopped in Meadow Lake, that is when Eli and Ernestine met each other. They were married June 24th, 1952, and they lived on the Ridsdale Ranch and had their first child, Jesse, in 1953.

Later, in 1953, the Ridsdale Ranch flooded. Eli's parents made the decision to stop ranching. His parents divided the cattle, horses, and anything else that their sons would need to start out on their own. They sold what was not needed.

Eli loaded all his stock and equipment on a train along with his wife and baby boy, and they travelled to Alberta, where they started their own farming and ranching on the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement.

Eli was the only son that had a passion for ranching. He loved his cattle and called them little Doogies. He would say to his children, "let's go check on the little Doogies."

Ernestine and Eli went on to have nine more children, three sons and seven daughters. Eli taught his children to work with the cattle, ride horses and work on

the farm. Every year Ernestine would put in a big garden, all the girls had to work in the garden as well as some doing house chores and some helping their dad and brothers with the farm and looking after the animals.

In the fall, Ernestine would teach her daughters how to can and blanch the vegetables from the garden. Eli would always talk about going moose hunting; however, he was too busy with the farm so he would end up butchering a cow for the winter months. At times, Eli and Ernestine had chickens, pigs, and sheep. When it was time to butcher and take the garden out in the fall it was a family event. All hands were on deck.

Eli's love for the country life and his love for horses and stampedes never changed.



Eli Ridsdale driving his team along the Chinchaga River.

When his oldest son Jesse was 14 or 15 years of age, Eli started teaching him how to drive chuckwagon. That was Jesse's dream - to be like his uncle Robert. Jesse started competing at the age of 16. His brother Bruce, 15 at the time, was Jesse's outrider. The boys loved it and got the chuckwagon fever. Jesse had some tough luck however and quit the chuckwagon racing.

A few years later, his younger brothers, Bruce and Glen started chuckwagon racing. They loved the sport, Bruce chose to stay with the Western Chuckwagon Association, while Glen went on to run with the World Professional Chuckwagon Association and

competed at the Calgary Stampede. The two brothers worked very hard to get themselves financially established to partake in the sport.

Eli and Ernestine were very proud of how hard their sons worked to carry on the Ridsdale chuckwagon tradition, as well as their accomplishments.



Eli and Ernestine Ridsdale on their 50th anniversary.

Eli and Ernestine followed the rodeos to watch and cheer for their sons, they continued following the rodeos until their health no longer permitted.

In Eli's early eighties, his health became too compromised for him and his wife to continue to live on the farm in Paddle Prairie. They made the decision to move to Grande Prairie, Alberta, where five of their children lived in or near the city.

Eli passed away in August 2008 and is buried in the Paddle Prairie Cemetery.

Supernault, Jonas

1912-1988

Written by: Noella Richard, granddaughter

Jonas Supernault was born in Grouard, Alberta, in 1912. The Government changed the original family name Suprenant to Supernault.

Jonas and his wife Margaret (Lavicey) moved to Paddle Prairie in 1945 from Hay Lakes, with a horse-drawn wagon and horses. Lavicey rode her horse while Jonas drove the team with their children Mary, Malcolm, and Cliff in the wagon.

His parents, Alexis, and Flora, plus his brothers, Philip, Daniel, Sylvester, Jimmy, and William all eventually moved to the Paddle Prairie Colony. Jonas and Lavicey settled on land alongside the McKenzie Highway, which was in the process of being built.

As their residence was 5 kilometers from the hamlet, the children could not attend school as it was too far to walk. Eventually Jonas relocated his family closer to the hamlet, enabling his children to attend school.

Jonas and his brothers Daniel, Sylvester, Jimmy, and William all helped build log houses for Jonas' & Daniel's families. In later years, Jonas helped to build other houses on the Colony. It is said that when it was time to dismantle these homes, it was difficult to detach the boards as they were fastened very strong.

There was no electricity, plumbing, indoor heating, or other conveniences within the log houses in the community. Jonas built the outhouse, barns, fences, and sheds. He built all the furniture by hand, including the benches, chairs, beds, the table, and cupboards within the log house.

The family lived off the land and were very connected to it. Jonas would grow large potato crops and sell the excess to others. He built a root cellar for the vegetables and nailed boxes to the outside of the log house to keep meat frozen during the winter. Jonas dug the well for fresh water and hauled ice from the river for drinking water. They used creek water and melted snow for the laundry.

Jonas was a trapper, carpenter, and inventor of tools he used for his farm and livestock.

Jonas also had a dog sled team which he used for many years on his trapline. He built his own cabin and survived the winter in it. In the spring time he would go beaver hunting. He would sell his furs at the Keg River Trading post which was 30 miles away from his home. He would travel by a horse-drawn wagon or sleigh depending on the time of year. He made his own ropes, harnesses for his dog sled, and whips.

Jonas invented tools for skinning fur and meat. He made a device to plant seeds and designed a slicer for cutting meat to dry. He used that same design for skinning animals he trapped and used the bone of an animal to scrape the animal hides. Jonas and Lavyce [his wife] tanned their own hides, and made moccasins, mukluks, jackets, dresses, mitts, and vests. They also did their own beadwork on the items. They made

beaded necklaces, bracelets, and rings on their handmade looms. They sold their items worldwide.

Jonas made his own snowshoes and for his children too. He made toboggans, wagons, and swings outside for the children to play on. Jonas and Lavyce spoke only Cree at home. Both learned how to speak English. Jonas could read and write a little with a grade 3 education. Lavyce had no education as her family lived in the wilderness to escape the residential school system.

Jonas was a representative for the Keg River #1 Colony. He was a strong advocate against a residential school planned to be built in Paddle Prairie. He initiated a petition, using the original Metis Colony Act that created the Alberta Metis Settlements, and had all community members sign it. He stopped the churches from building a residential school here and was determined to “not have the school operate through any religious based doctrine.”

Jonas was an avid baseball player, along with his brothers. They started a baseball team in the 1950s and played against teams from the surrounding areas. They passed on this trait to their lineage, who continue to be skilled baseball players to this day.

Jonas and Lavicy raised 7 children, unfortunately they lost Garnett at the age of 3 in 1949.



Some of our hardworking men from Paddle Prairie, such as John Cardinal, Bushman Auger, Emery (Muskwa) Poitras, Lawrence Lariviere, Norman Ghostkeeper, Joe McGillivray, Ambrose Nooskey, Jonas Supernault, and Albert Wanuch. (The others are not identified.)

Villeneuve, Lawrence

1912 – 1995

Written by: Brenda Leblond, daughter

George Laurent (Lawrence) Villeneuve was born in Athabasca, Alberta, on November 15, 1912. Lawrence had two sisters, Mabel, and Frances. He was the only son.

Lawrence's father, Moise Villeneuve, was born in Lac La Biche, North-West Territories, in 1886, to Edouard Villeneuve and Adelaide Decoine. He had five siblings. Moise's grandparents were Edwin Villeneuve and Marie Ducharme from St. Boniface, Manitoba.

Dad's mother, Mary Jane Bellerose, was born in 1875. She was one in a family of six children. Her mother was Marie Plant, born in 1853, in St. Albert, Alberta. Her father was Norbert Bellerose, born in 1846 in Lesser Slave Lake Post, in what was known as Rupert's Land then. Her grandparents were Olivier Bellerose, born in 1810, and Suzette Savard, born in 1860.

According to the Genealogies of the Red River Families in Manitoba, there were several Villeneuve families there in the early 1800s.

When Lawrence was six years old, the family moved to Sandy Lake, Alberta (near Wabasca), where his dad was a Forest Ranger. It was there, and later on in Wabasca, where he learned the Cree language, which he spoke for the rest of his life. His parents were fluent in French, English, and Michif. When Dad was 12 years old, he was out working for a living.

Dad learned his trapping and hunting skills from his father at a very early age. Later, he homesteaded near Smith, and when he lived in Paddle Prairie, he continued trapping in the winter. He hunted all his life, ensuring moose meat was plentiful for his family.

Dad met Alethea Price, in Edmonton, when he offered her mother a ride to Smith. They were married on May 28, 1939 and lived in Smith for the next 20 plus years. They raised dairy cows on the homestead and sold milk to Swanson's Lumber at Fawcett Lake. Dad also farmed, and then moved into the community of Smith, where he began a trucking business, hauling freight from Edmonton to customers all along Highway 2 and up around Lesser Slave Lake.

In 1953, he sold the business to Orval Hayes Jr (his son-in-law) and started a Construction Company building roads and doing oilfield work. In 1963, he moved the family to Fort Vermillion, where he hoped to get back into farming.

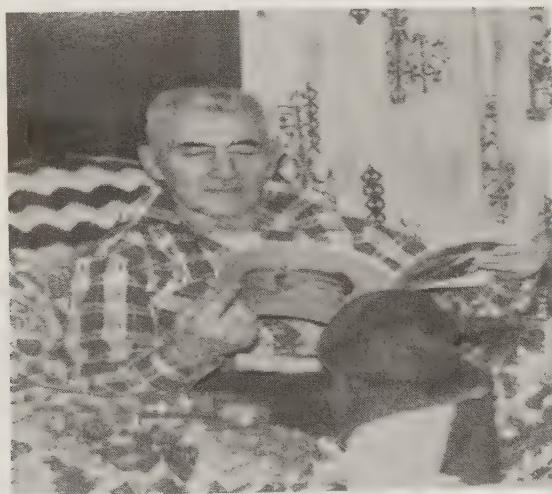
This did not work out, and in June 1967, they moved to Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement, where he purchased a house from Dave Lariviere. There he farmed, had chickens, pigs, ducks, cows, and horses. He also worked at logging in the winter.

Lawrence and Alethea raised 18 children: Delphine, Marlene, Lorraine, Lawrence Jr. (Skipper), Camille (Kim), Myra, her twin Sandra, Darlene (who died shortly after birth), Morgan, Murray, Brenda, Brad, Blair, Richard, Kathy, Paula, Donna, Marianne, and Leanne. The older kids did not move to Paddle as they were married and living elsewhere.

Dad and Mom had strong Catholic and moral values which were instilled in their children at an early age.

Dad had a very strong work ethic and taught his children to be the same way! When the boys (Brad, Blair, Rick) were young, Dad would take them out on the trapline. Being little, they would always want to stop and rest, but Dad would not let them. It wasn't until they were a little older that they realized Dad was saving their life by making them continue walking. He didn't want them to freeze to death.

Dad's entrepreneurial spirit was also passed down and many of his children are business owners. He was a self-taught man, having only three years of schooling. Kim remembers her dad helping her with the times-tables. "Three oughts' are ought" reminds her that anything multiplied by zero is zero.



Lawrence Villeneuve

In 1975, Dad and Mom purchased another house in the settlement and converted it into a convenience store. Dad loved to play billiards, therefore he added pool tables, which everyone enjoyed. A lot of laughs and fun was had.

Dad drove the grader for the Department of Highways and kept the roads in excellent condition. He also drove the school bus while living in Paddle.

In 1980 Lawrence and Alethea moved to High Level, where they both worked at the golf course for two years. Then Lawrence was diagnosed with throat cancer and he and Mom moved to Edmonton. After successful treatment, Dad retired and they lived in Peace River, Smith, and Grimshaw.

Lawrence passed away September 4, 1995, of lung cancer. He is buried in the Smith Cemetery under a beautiful pine tree.

Throughout a life of homesteading, trapping, logging, trucking, oilfield construction, and road work, Lawrence always had time for his children. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren were deeply loved, and family reunions and visiting were of utmost importance to him. He liked nothing better than to sit around holding one of the little ones on his lap. He is so greatly missed by all of his family.



Lawrence Villeneuve

Wanuch, George

1931-2009

Written by: George (Pudgin) Wanuch Jr.

George Logan Wanuch was born in Carcajou, Alberta, on August 31, 1931, to Edward and Mary Wanuch. He lived, what maybe considered in that time period, and that geographical part of the world, a rather interesting frontier style childhood. His father lived a trapper's life in the winter and was hunter. They had a garden and such in summer. In George's boyhood days, his father Edward and mother Mary parted ways. His older siblings, Alberta and Stella, were raised by Edward. George and his sister Bertha were raised by Mary, who then married Edward's younger brother Roger.

Trapping still consisted in the winter months with the family trapline being on the east side of the mighty Peace River. I recall many stories that my father George shared about him and his families' trapping adventures. He told stories of walking to the trapline from Carcajou and also from Paddle Prairie.

Today, the thought of walking that distance and the adventures that must have come with that probably would gain media attention. But for them it was just another day. He told stories of an eccentric old fella who had homesteaded and trapped in their trapline area. His name was Ben Dakota. He often told stories of Ben and how he had no stories to share of family. He was a loner who took to a young George Wanuch, and who caught George' attention of how he was so adapted to making a living off the land with what was just provided to him by what nature offered him.

George passed on the stories of Ben to his children and grandchildren. He often marveled at the memories he held of that old timer, but I'm sure that's another story in itself. He and Roger found Ben, he passed sometime in the '60s. They got a hold of the RCMP in Fort Vermillion, and that's where he is buried. Ben was a full-blooded Cree Indian, an educated teacher who moved to where this story is taking place in the 1930's.

Moving on, George told tales of summertime survival with Roger, Mary, and sister Bertha, of making a raft and living on it, setting sail from Peace River, where Mary's family, the Beauchamp's came from. Rafting from Peace River to Carcajou, stopping at each island and hunting black bear, and fishing.

Back to the life and times of George. George grew up in the Carcajou area and did his best to attend the school they had there. He went to school as long as he could, which I think got him a grade 4 education. It was highly noted by his peer's that George was a very mischievous, practical joker during his days at the school, and that carried on throughout his adult days.

When George reached adulthood, he took on a career as a carpenter in the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement. At the turn of the new millennium, about 50% of the homes built and other buildings had his name on it. He loved to carpenter and was good at it. It kind of suited his high energy, hardworking, way of life.

I always remember as a child going to job sites with him. Back then, there were no portable generators, no cordless drills, no air tools, no fancy scaffolding, or laser equipment. He always had a good quality hand saw, hammers, levels, and squares. Every board was cut with a handsaw, and every foundation was built with a cement mixer, shovel, and wheel barrel. At work today, the young tradesmen might phone a Human Resource Agent to complain. But that was a way of life, you used what you had, and you made it work.

It's the same as the trapping business. George never owned a skidoo (sled) until his final days on the trapline in the 1980s. I think where this story is going is without a shadow of a doubt, George Wanuch thrived on hard work and always provided for his family.



Alice Cardinal & George Wanuch on their wedding day, February 1955

George met the love of his life Alice Josephine Cardinal. They married on February 18, 1955. They raised seven children: Judy, Beverly, Ronnie, Brenda, Randy, Joan, and George Jr, also known as Pudgin. George had a son previously. His name is Alvin.

Our dad, George, taught us all the fundamentals of life. Just watching him go about his life, you knew hard work should be the way you go through life.

Unfortunately, in 1992, George lost his oldest son Ronnie. It took a toll on him, but he never tried to show it.

George was an athletic man. His passion was playing ball for the Paddle Prairie All Stars, and then the Paddle Prairie Pirates. He told stories of how the team would pile into Sonny Bellerose's truck, and they would go play games and tournaments around the North country. Softball was their game, they loved it, and they were a very good team.



Baseball was an important sport for the men of Paddle Prairie: Back, L-R: Ralph Wanuch, Clifford McGillivray, Duncan McGillivray, George Wanuch, Cliff Supermault (pitcher); front, L-R: Wayne McCullough, Lyle Martineau, Albert Wanuch, Norman Ghostkeeper, and Mervin Bellerose (catcher). They were a tough, hard playing team, and one to be reckoned with.

He always reminisced of softball tales. He always had to include the story of Johnny Calliou, and how he was able to launch a ball to the Catholic Church from home plate. That must have been 500 feet easily, and all the good pitching they had.

I remember growing up as the youngest of the 8 of us. My dad George would be the organizer for ball tournaments and a summer event called Sport Days. He would get the ball diamond prepped up and have the race track prepped. They would also have horse races, bingo, and a live dance to end the night.

But I always remember him getting the shed at home labelled “the booth.” It was hooked on with a tractor and pulled to the ball diamonds to sell burgers, hotdogs, pop, chips, coffee, and tea. He’d be in charge of the ball tournaments, both men’s and women’s teams. This is when he started taking on the role of Coach. His son Ronnie was coming of age. and Beve, along with his nephews, from both sides of the family and lots of friends playing for his ball team.

I got to be the bat boy for his men’s team and to me that meant the world. He would have teams from Peavine, Horse Lake, Manning, High Level, and Fort Vermillion come to play. Good competitive baseball was played, and everything was so organized.

As the younger kids in the family, we got to grow up with all this baseball, hanging out with players who were older cousins, such as Hoss Supernault (who was one of the ace pitching staff, slapping his hip with every fast pitch) and Mervin (Hosse’s brother). Larry Supernault was Hosses’ real name, and Colin was another brother.

Right up until the day of Larry and Mervin’s passing, they always referred to George as “Coach”. George had his other nephews playing for him, his sister Bertha’s sons, Billy, Kelly, and Denny (Bobby Orr), on my mom’s side, he had cousins Alex McGillivray, old underhand pitcher Clifford McGillivray (McGack), back catcher John Ghostkeeper, and Les Nooskey, the story teller of the team.

John used to be fun to watch. George picked up recruits like hard throwing David Supernault, Manley Lambert, Randy Lambert, and his to be son in law Gary Lambert. Baseball was so much fun for George, and the name Coach stuck with him along with the nickname “Magrew.” He must have been a great teammate because it is mentioned he was a great coach.

George was a big part of the community of Paddle Prairie. He was the community (public works) kind of foreman. I always remember him bringing what we called the confectionary to Paddle after the general store was closed down, where they sold your corner store items. What became the confectionary was the Arcade Pool Hall, with games such as billiards, ping pong, foosball table, pinball machine, and jukebox. The youth and adults really enjoyed having these. At first it was located in the old community hall, and then was relocated to the old office/post office building, located where the settlement public works shop now sits.

George also had a passion for hockey. His favorite team was the Montreal Canadiens. There was always a friendly rivalry in the house, with the two older boys Ronnie and Randy cheering on the Leafs, while Pudgin joined dad being a Montreal Habs fan. But just before the Oilers of Edmonton joined the NHL, George got to see a live WHL game. It was a game between the Hartford Whalers. Gordie Howe and his sons came and played the Oilers team with the kid by the name of Wayne Gretzky on it. They joined the NHL next season.

I always remember he brought us home some souvenirs from the game. George eventually became an Oilers fan. He also loved watching his two sons Ronnie and Randy play goalie for the Paddle Prairie Broncos in the High Level Seniors League. His friend, Allan Martineau, would always make sure they got him to the games, especially against the bad guys, the Fort Vermillion Hawks. Somehow Allen or Coach Clarence would slip him some vodka. George's voice would be echoing throughout the arena, heckling the Fort Hawks, calling them the famous "Chicago Town."

Keith Lambert was on the Fort team and still has a fun laugh remembering him hollering "Chicago Town."

In Georges' later years, him and Alice started getting grandchildren. The first one they brought home was Francine, and then one after the another. 25 eventually came along. When the last grandchild was born, he missed her birth. Georgia was born 17 days after his passing. They had great grandchildren and great-great grandchildren, which they both loved and were so proud of each and everyone one of his children and grandchildren. Family was his greatest love of all, he would do as much as he could to meet any request by his kids or grandchildren.

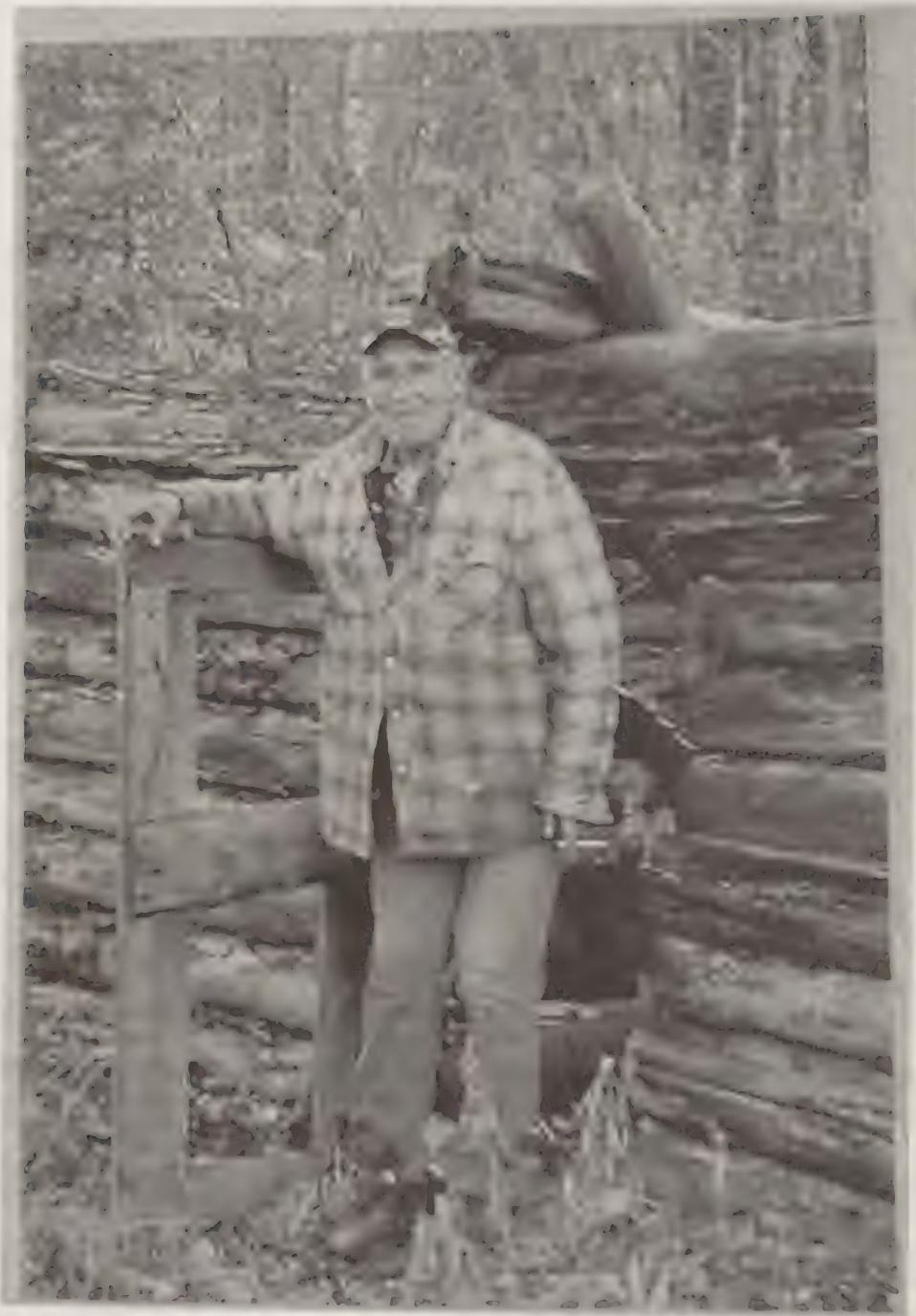
You know, George still tried to hold on to his carpenter career right up until he was in his late 60s and early 70s, when he fell off of a scaffold and broke his ankle. It slowed him down but never enough to keep him from quitting. He was truly an extremely hardworking man. I remember him saying he started to work at the age of 13 and worked right up until it was impossible to do so.

He enjoyed gardening. His gardens were mammoth gardens, without a word of a lie. There had to be 70 rows of potatoes, rows of carrots, peas, turnips, beets, and beans. It was a big job in just the garden.

Hunting was also a great passion. He always had a dry meat rack full every fall. In the spring time, he loved getting out and doing the beaver hunt either by walking the Boyer creek, or jumping on one his brother-in-law's, Jean Marie Ducharme's (Zaa'marie), plywood home made boats, and going on the Chinchaga River. He would spend countless hours just sitting in the sun or shade skinning, fleshing, and stretching the beaver he killed. He was so active. He even grew a great friendship with one of the fur buyers Mr. Danburger. He'd sell his fur and play crib with him in his High Level store.

George was a very outgoing, social guy which made him well known in the North as a very nice, funny, hardworking, and helpful man.

Back to baseball now. He got his kids all playing baseball, but soon softball fizzled out in Northern Alberta. That left a void in his heart because he loved the sport. His son-in-law Vern had a big part in starting a slow pitch league in High Level. He got the 3 younger siblings, Randy, Joan, and Pudgin back to playing ball. They played for a team called the Action North Rebels, along with Gary & Marilyn Gaudet, Liz Houle, and Georgie Bowles.



George Wanuch

Eventually, a team from Paddle Prairie was formed, called the Paddle Prairie Aztecs, a family team. This got George and Alice back into the sport again, this time as spectators. The start of the Aztecs had Bev & Gary Lambert, Ronnie, Randy, Joan, Pudgin, Vern Cardinal, Durwin Courtorielle. Also, there was nephews, nieces, and their partners: Debbie and Brian Callinan, Kenny and Ruby Laboucane, Maxine and Tony Scott, and Sonya and Clem Kobelsky. A lot of other players came and went, but they were the core of the team.

This team won a huge amount of league titles and tournaments. Baseball was huge and I know the Hay River Northwest Territories Tourneys were always the highlight of the summer. We'd all stay at the lake campsite and George's camp was baseball camp. He loved it, talking baseball, and cooking huge meals over a fire for anyone to enjoy with coffee and tea always on.

There's a funny story, but I won't get too much into it. It was called "the old shirt swap tale." It went a bit like this. I guess George had spent many hours in the beer gardens and Alice didn't want him in there anymore. Anyways the beer gardens were located by the grandstands at the left field home run fence. Earlier George was dressed in a very bright colored western shirt. After Alice took him out, he casually went to the truck and changed shirts to a shirt (not so conspicuous). Alice was sitting in the bleachers by home plate and never noticed him sitting back in the beer gardens.

Anyways, after a long haul, the Aztecs moved on with their lives as things normally go. Suddenly, George's grandchildren were into Slo-Pitch all grown up now. Brent and Shana, Blaine (Bev and Gary's boys, along with family), Vic Armstrong, Craig Supernault, Dustin (Burger) Ducharme, Lucy Stigsen, Randy (whose career was winding down), Joan and Durwin, and Pudgin, had another championship team on the go. The team was called Smokin. I think George was most proud then because it wasn't just his children, he could watch but both his children and grandchildren.

George and Alice followed them all over Alberta cheering. It was the last hurrah for family ball outings, but what great memories were made. George had the most love for his grandchildren, he taught Barry (Judy's son) all his traits, hunting, & trapping, which Barry then passed down to his own children.

And to end things off, George lost his siblings: Albert to heart failure; Stella, Ralph, Suzie, Freddy, and Barbara to cancer. Hank was in a tragic car accident and Charles died a young age. Mother Mary died of cancer, and father Edward to heart failure.

George eventually passed, also due to cancer. He put on the biggest battle I ever seen anyone have. There is so many people in George's life, one could write so many stories about, like his step mother Helen, who all I ever knew was my grandma. All his friends, one could write an entire book on just them alone, whether it's his neighbors Julia and Aubrey Auger, Allan and Emma Martineau, Jim Armstrong, Margaret Strong, or Pusquale Houle. Or his cousins, the Wanuches, out in Saddle Lake, too many stories could be told. Too many names of friends and family to mention.

I guess that is leading to the final story in the tale of George Logan Wanuch. This story goes to the year 2000, I believe. The story of the long-lost sister (this story dates back to the early 1930s). Edward was living in Carcajou and seeing as I don't know the actual details will just say, had a daughter conceived out in Carcajou and like I said once, won't go into detail how that came about. But, anyway in 2000, George and Bertha were surprised, big time, when they found out they had a younger sister by the name of Shirley (married name Cochrane). Their world was one of bewilderment, a younger sister???

Turn's out that Shirley was kept out of this secret all her life. When her older sisters finally revealed to her the family secret, her children and her husband Stan arranged

to come and meet Edward (Buddah) Wanuch's family. Alberta and Stella had already passed away, but a meeting was set up at the Paddle Prairie Community Hall. George and his family, along with Bertha Ducharme's family, all got to meet Shirley and Stan's family.

Everyone was in kind of a shock mode; it was really unbelievable that a lifetime went by, and nobody knew anybody. Shirley and Stan lived in Yellowknife, NWT, and always drove through Highway 35, not realizing this is where Shirley's family blood resided her entire life. The 3 siblings grew a special bond. I know George fell in love with his little sister as soon as he laid eyes on her, and he kept in close contact with her 'till he passed on. Aunt Shirley always says to me, what a shame that her family kept this secret from her and how she felt robbed of her family and a Metis heritage she never got to know until then.

Bertha passed a few years later. Aunt Shirley lives in Vernon, B.C., my wife Tracy, and I got to visit her a few times during these past few years, and she always talks about Dad (George).

So, that in short, is the story of George Logan Wanuch, 'The Man, The Myth, The Legend.' He was a man who was proud to call the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement his home. A man you could find volunteering his time at community events, cooking breakfast, flipping pancakes at every Mother's Day event, telling stories, laughing, joking around, he was also an extremely talented horseshoe player. The man loved his family and before he passed to cancer, I know this is what meant the most to his wife and kids. George gave his life to Jesus Christ and took him as his personal Lord & Savior.

So, in closing; I, Pudgin, my wife Tracy, our children and grandchildren, Joan and Preston, Dillon and grandchildren; our late brother Randy, who passed 2 years after dad, his kids, and grandchildren; Brenda and Zona, children and grandchildren; our late brother Ronnie, his children and grandchildren; Judy and Vern, children and grandchildren; Alvin and Celestine, children and grandchildren. . .
Thank you for getting us to share our hero, our dad's story.



Firefighter training Assumption, Habay District, Peace River Division, 1964

Back Row Standing (L to R): Larone Ferguson, Jim Hamelin, Clarence Ferguson, Murray Mitchell, George Wanuch, Jim Belrose, Alphonse Ducharme, Adolph Auger, Dick Mitchell, Cliff McGillivray, Absolam Laboucan.
Middle Row: Larone Nanooch, Tommy Didzena, Germain Pastion, Joseph Chambaud, John Schasee, Walter Kazonie, John Chalifoux. Front Row: Paul Cousta, Paul Courtoreille, Andrew Deedza, Clement Fournier, Joe Bulldog, Alex Meneen, William R. Cardinal
Corinne Huberdeau

Fire fighting was important to our community, and to the other communities in the north. Our men were the guardians and protectors of the forest, as depicted in this picture by Corinne Huberdeau from the Peace River Gazette.

Community Life and Teachings of Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement

There were so many teachings and knowledge that were passed on by the fathers and grandfathers of Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement. These could fill another book in itself.



One of the wagons that was used for transportation in the community.



The old Massey Ferguson tractor that was used to plow and harvest many fields, along with the Massey Harris tiller used for planting. This was used by my brother Marvin, prior to the Chuckegg Creek fire in 2019.

The Chuckegg Creek Fire Heroes

The brave firefighters of Paddle Prairie, who stayed behind to protect the community during the Chuckegg Creek Fire in May 2019.

They followed the footsteps of their fathers and grandfathers.



Building on the Strengths of the Fathers and Grandfathers

While compiling and reading the stories of the fathers and grandfathers of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement, I was so proud of every one of them, so proud to know that they had a hand in the creation and development of the community. Each of them had to have grit and determination to be successful in whatever they were doing for the betterment of the community. I could not help but marvel at the bravery, perseverance, and tenacity that they had to have to be able to survive and make a living for their families in the sometimes harsh environment.

The fathers and grandfathers of the Paddle Prairie Metis community were great warriors in every sense of the word. They were great hunters, trappers, farmers, ranchers, loggers, and guardians of the forest.

Each of those men had a vision of a thriving community, and each of them did hard back-breaking work to accomplish that vision; whether that was logging in the bush for logs to build a new house for a new family or clearing the land for farming and gardening. All of those jobs were necessary to feed, clothe, and shelter their families. Without their hard work and tenacity, we would not be here. Their traditional knowledge was utmost in the success of the community.

I hope that our young people of today can read these stories and take a lesson in what it means to be a member of a great community, such as Paddle Prairie. Those of us that were raised there know what it means to have a ‘place to call home.’

The lessons that those fathers and grandfathers taught their children and grandchildren will live on in the future, as they in turn will pass those lessons on to their children and grandchildren. That is what a strong culture is all about.

Pimatisiwin. We had a good life.

Resource People

A special thank you to the following people who contributed the beautiful stories of their fathers, grandfathers, and their families of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement community. Without the personal input and knowledge of the people of the community, this book would not be possible.

Each family, each father, and each grandfather contributed to the development of the Paddle Prairie Metis community, and in the survival of our people. Because of those fathers and grandfathers, we are here. We survived and thrived, and they gave us a place to call home.

To those fathers and grandfathers, and their families, we are eternally grateful.

Auger, Julia (Nooskey)	Leblond, Brenda (Villeneuve)
Auger, Vina	Loutitt, Irene (Gaucher)
Batchelor, Doreen (Cardinal)	Martineau, David
Beaulieu, George	Martineau, Melvin
Benson, Margaret (House)	McGillivray, Carrie
Bowe, Dennis & Doreen	Parenteau, Joyce (McGillivray)
Calliou, Mona Lisa	Paul, Linda (Parenteau)
Cameron, Edna (Parenteau)	Pearson, Josephine (Johnston)
Card, Corrine (Parenteau)	Richard, Noella
Davidson, Budson	Seguin-Robinson, Susie (Anderson)
Derksen, Pearl (Parenteau)	Suddaby, Joan (Ridsdale)
Hinton, Claire (Lariviere)	Tapson, Laura (Houle)
Houle, Gary	Vos, Jeanette (Houle)
House, Tina	Wanuch, George (Pudgin) Jr.
Johnston, Esther	
Koch, Della (Parenteau)	
Lariviere, Harold	

Glossary

#

1885 Metis Resistance – *Also known as the Northwest Rebellion; this event began at Duck Lake, when the Métis went there to confiscate the weapons and supplies from the stores. The first fight between the Metis Militia and Crozier's men took place on the Carlton Trail northwest of Duck Lake; the last battle was fought at Batoche.*

A

Alaska Highway – *This highway was constructed during World War II to connect the U.S.A. to Alaska across Canada. It begins at the junction in Dawson Creek, B.C.*

Alberta Federation of Metis Settlements – *This was established in 1971, with Richard Poitras as its first president, to be a liaison between the provincial Government of Alberta and the Metis Settlements.*

Alberta Manpower – *Now called Manpower Alberta, this an employment and recruitment agency.*

Alexis – *Referencing the Alexis Nakota Sioux Nation, this is a thriving First Nations community in central Alberta; located 70 kms west of Edmonton.*

Allotted – *This means to give or portion something to someone as a share.*

Altar boy – *A term for the boy/girl who acts as a Priest's assistant during a Catholic service.*

Ambassador – *A term for an official envoy.*

Artic – *Referencing a polar region located at the northernmost part of the Earth.*

Aesthetic – *Describing something that has aesthetic appeal is very beautiful and attractive.*

Altitude sickness – *Also known as acute mountain sickness; this sensation may include symptoms such as headache, nausea, and dizziness.*

Assumption – *This is also known as Chateh, an unincorporated community of the Hay Lake I.R. 209; located 91 kms northwest of High Level, Alberta.*

Athabasca – *A town in northern Alberta, located about 145 kms north of Edmonton, on the banks of the Athabasca River.*

Attestation papers – *This is the first document that a soldier would sign when signing up for service, as found in WWI service records.*

Autonomy – *A term for the capacity to make an informed, uncoerced decision.*

B

Baffin Island – *Located in the Canadian territory of Nunavut; this is the largest island in Canada, and the 5th largest in the world.*

Bannock Flats- *A region for hunting and trapping, located on the South Keg River, about 10 kms SE of the community of Keg River Cabins.*

Baptiste Lake – *This is one of the hunting and trapping areas, south east of High Level.*

Baptiste River – An area located in Clearwater County, nearest to Crimson Lake, west of Rocky Mountain House.

Barge – Referencing a flat bottomed boat, built mainly for river and canal transportation of freight and bulk goods.

Beaverlodge - This town in northern Alberta is located about 43 kms west of Grande Prairie on Highway 43.

Bishop – Referencing an ordained or appointed member of a religious organization, such as the Catholic Church.

Blackfoot – In this resource, this term references the language spoken by the four Blackfoot tribes: the Kianai, the Pikuni, the Siksika, and the Blackfeet Nation in Montana.

Blackfoot Reserve – Now known as the Siksika Nation; this is the 2nd largest Reservation in Canada; located 100 kms east of Calgary.

Blacksmith – A term describing a metalsmith who creates objects primarily from wrought iron or steel, by forging the metal, using tools to hammer, bend, and cut.

Blanch – A short cooking process in which the vegetable or fruit is scalded in boiling water, and then plunged into cold water.

Blood quantum - Referring to an inaccurate, colonial blood measurement system that is used to determine an individual's Indigenous identity.

Bloods – In this resource, this term references the thriving First Nations community known as the Blood Tribe or Kainaiwa in southern Alberta. It is the largest reservation in Canada; located north of Cardston.

Bluesky – This is a hamlet in northern Alberta; located along Highway 2, east of the town of Fairview.

Bonafide – This describes something being authentic, genuine, or real.

Brain aneurism – This is a bulging or ballooning of the artery due to weakness in the wall of the vessel that supplies blood to the brain.

British Columbia Association of Non-Status Indians (B.C.A.N.S.I.) – This is the name of an organization created to address the concerns and issues of the Non-Status Indians in B.C.

Bronchitis – The term for an inflammation of the bronchial tubes that carry air to your lungs, which can cause a cough, shortness of breath, and wheezing.

Buck Lake – A hamlet that sits in the boreal forest in the County of Wetaskiwin. It is located 120 kms southwest of Edmonton, near Drayton Valley.

C

Calgary Stampede – Started in 1912, this community organization preserves and celebrates the western heritage, culture, and community spirit. There is an annual rodeo, exhibition, and festival held in July during this 10-day event. It is known as “The Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth.”

Calling Lake – This hamlet is in northern Alberta, on Highway 813, along the eastern shore of Calling Lake; about 57 kms north of Athabasca.

Cancer – This is the name of a group of diseases involving abnormal cell growth with the potential to spread to other parts of the body.

Carcajou – This unincorporated community in northern Alberta is located along the Peace River, south of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement. Carcajou is a French word meaning wolverine.

Cellar – Referencing a storage room that is usually partly underground, often used for storing vegetables or wine.

Ceremonial – Describing the rules and procedures to be observed at a religious occasion.

Charismatic – Describing a compelling charm which inspires devotion in others.

Chateh – This unincorporated community in northern Alberta in Hay Lake I.R. 209; located 91 kms west of High Level; is also known as Assumption.

Chetwynd – This area is located in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in northeastern British Columbia; just off Highway 97 and is a gateway to the Peace River country.

Chinchaga River – This river is in northwestern Alberta, a tributary of the Hay River. The name means “driftwood” in Dene language.

Chinook – In this resource, this term references the county seat of Blaine County, Montana located 20 miles north of the Bear Paw Mountains and the Bear Paw Battlefield. This is where Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce First Nations peoples were captured, just 40 miles south of the Canadian border.

Chuckegg Creek Fire – Chuckegg Creek, south of High Level, endured a massive wildfire started in May 2019. It burned over 331, 000 acres of timber, and 16 homes in the community of Paddle Prairie.

Chuckwagon – The name of a covered wagon, used as a field kitchen for the storage, transportation of food, cooking equipment on the prairies, and to feed travelling workers, such as cowboys or loggers.

Clear Hills – This is a municipal district in northwestern Alberta; located near the county of Fairview.

Cleveland – A city in the state of Ohio, located along the southern shore of Lake Erie.

Clothesline – An outdoor, metal line put up between two posts, to hang and dry clothes on.

Cold Lake – A city in northeastern Alberta, named after the lake, nearby. It is also home to Canadian Forces Base Cold Lake.

Compassion – To have sympathetic pity and concern for the suffering or misfortunes of others.

Compilation – Referring to an action or process of producing something, such as a book, by assembling information collected from other sources.

Comptroller – This is a management level position responsible for supervising the quality of accounting and financial reporting.

Conspicuous – To stand out or to be clearly visible.

Constitution – A term for an aggregate of fundamental principles or established procedures that constitute the legal basis of a political organization and determines how that entity will be governed.

Convictions – These are the firmly held beliefs, or the quality of showing of what one believes or says.

COPD – Chronic obstructive pulmonary disease has persistent respiratory symptoms like breathlessness and cough.

Cree – In this resource, this term references a dialect of the Algonquin language, spoken by more than 117,000 people across Canada, from the Northwest Territories to Alberta to Labrador. In its own language, it's called nehiyawewin.

Crow Agency – Referencing the headquarters of the Crow Indian Reservation. It is close to the Little Bighorn Battlefield; located in Big Horn County, Montana.

Cultural mores – These are social norms that are widely observed within a particular society or culture.

Cursillo Movement – This apostolic movement of the Roman Catholic church was founded in Spain in 1944, while refining a technique to train pilgrimage Christian leaders.

D

Dawson Creek – This is a city in northeastern British Columbia, named after the creek, that runs through it.

Demise – Meaning a person's death or to pass away.

Democrat wagon – A term for a light farm wagon or ranch wagon that has two or more seats and is usually pulled by two horses.

Dene Tha' Band – Also known as the Dene Tha' First Nation, this is a government of the south Slavey people in northern Alberta; divided into three separate communities: Bushe River, Meander River, and Chateh (or Assumption).

Deplorable – Describing disgraceful, shameful, or shabby conditions.

Descendants – A blood relative in the direct line of descent, such as the children or grandchildren, or great-grandchildren.

Desmarais – This hamlet in northern Alberta is located between the South and North Wabasca Lakes; about 123 kms north of Slave Lake.

Dogrib – This Northern Athabaskan language is spoken by the Tlicho (Dogrib People) First Nations of the Northwest Territories.

Disperse – The action of distributing or spreading over a wide area.

Distinct – To be recognizably different or readily distinguishable.

Doctrine – A belief or set of beliefs held and taught by a group, political party, or church.

Dragline – This is a heavy piece of equipment, also called an excavator, that is used in surface mining.

Duck Lake – This town in the boreal forest of central Saskatchewan is located 88 kms north of Saskatoon. It is famous for the Metis Resistance of 1885.

E

Edmonton – This is the capital city of Alberta; located on the North Saskatchewan River in central Alberta.

Elders Federation of Metis Settlement Association – This advisory group for the Alberta Federation of Metis Settlements (AFMS) was established in 1971.

Eliske Shrine – This shrine, located on the Beaver First Nation, is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, with a yearly pilgrimage.

Elizabeth Colony – Also known as the Elizabeth Metis Settlement, the colony was established in 1939; located along the Alberta/Saskatchewan border, 36 kms from Cold Lake.

Elk Point – This town is located in east central Alberta, on Highway 41. It was an early trading post, on the banks of the North Saskatchewan River.

Eloquent – To be fluent or persuasive in speaking or writing.

Emphysema – This lung disease results in shortness of breath due to damage and dilation of the alveoli.

English River – The English River First Nation is a small community of Dene and Cree speaking people. The headquarters are at Patuanak and consists of seven different reserves registered under English River band.

Enoch Reserve – A First Nations reserve also known as Enoch Cree Nation, in Treaty 6 Territory, located on the west side of Edmonton.

Entrenched – To be firmly established and difficult or unlikely to change.

Entrepreneurial – A characteristic describing to take financial risks in the hope of profit.

Entrepreneurs – A person who organizes and operates a business or businesses, taking on greater than normal financial risks.

Eureka River – This unincorporated community in northern Alberta is in Clear Hills County, about 142 kms north of Grande Prairie.

F

Fairview Agricultural College – This institution, now known as the Fairview Agricultural and Vocational College; was opened by the Alberta Department of Agriculture in 1963.

Faust – This hamlet in northern Alberta, within Big Lakes County, 241 kms northwest of Edmonton, near Lesser Slave Lake, along Highway 2.

Fawcett Lake – This area is northeast of Slave Lake, near Smith; 241 kms north of Edmonton; great fishing area.

Fishing Lake Metis Settlement – This is one of the original twelve Metis colonies. Fishing Lake was called Packechawanis in Cree and was settled by the inhabitants of the dissolved St. Paul des Metis. It served as a historic fishing camp.

Floral tradition – Referencing the floral beading design traditions favored by the Metis people.

Fluent – The ability to express oneself easily and articulately.

Footner Lake – This community in northern Alberta, within the Mackenzie County; is located on the Mackenzie Highway, 12 kms north of High Level.

Forest Ranger – A person entrusted with protecting and preserving the forests, firefighting, and fire prevention.

Forge – To form metal objects by heating and hammering into shape.

Fort McMurray – This city in northeastern Alberta, in the Regional Municipality of Wood Buffalo; is an urban service community, located in the Athabasca oil sands area.

Fort Vermillion – This hamlet on the Peace River in northern Alberta was established in 1788 as a trading post for the fur trade.

Fresno – This implement was used to dig ditches and water lines.

Frog Lake – This is the Cree community of the Frog Lake First Nation; located about 277 kms north east of Edmonton.

Frog Lake Rebellion – Also known as the Frog Lake Massacre 1885, during this Cree uprising Wandering Spirit and a group of young men attacked the officials, clergy, and settlers over the unfair Treaty and the enforced starvation of the Cree people.

G

Garden River – This community is also known as Little Red River Cree Nation. It is located 195 kms east of High Level.

Glasgow – This community was established as a railroad town in the late 1800s in the county seat of Valley County, Montana. Buffalo, pronghorn, and antelope herds provided ample food for the nomadic First Nations in the area.

Goblet – A style of cup with a foot intended to hold a drink, like a chalice.

Grande Centre – This town in northern Alberta, has also been known as Cold Lake south.

Grande Prairie – This city in northwestern Alberta, within Peace River County, is located at the intersection of Highways 43 and 40; about 456 kms northwest of Edmonton.

Green horses – Describing horses that are still a little on the wild side, and not completely broke to ride.

Grimshaw – This town in northern Alberta is 25 kms west of Peace River. It was the original starting point of Highway 35, often referred to as ‘Mile Zero.’

Grouard – Also known as the Grouard Mission, this hamlet in northern Alberta is situated on Buffalo Bay; located next to Kapae’no First Nations.

Grouse – This ground dwelling bird is usually a reddish-brown protective color, in the family of ptarmigans.

Grub box – Referencing a sturdy box, usually made of wood, that is used to contain food, utensils, pots, and pans to be used when on the trail or in the bush.

H

Hamlet – This is a smaller settlement, generally smaller than a village.

Harmonica – This instrument also known as a French harp, or moth organ. It is a free reed wind instrument.

Hay River – This town in the Northwest Territories has been known as the “Hub of the North.” It is located on the south shores of the Great Slave Lake; and is a tourism, fishing, and transportation mecca.

Heavy Equipment operator – A person that has specialized training and operates heavy equipment used in engineering and construction projects, such as bulldozers, forklifts, backhoes, dump truck, and cargo trucks.

High Level – This town in northern Alberta, located at the intersection of Highways 35 and 58; 733 kms north of Edmonton; was founded in 1947.

High Prairie – This town in northern Alberta is located 118 kms west of Slave Lake; at the junction of Highways 2 and 749.

Highway 35 – This highway runs from Grimshaw to the Northwest Territories border and is part of the Mackenzie Highway.

Homestead – Referencing a person's farmhouse with adjoining buildings and land; for the purpose of farming.

Horse Lake – This term references the Horse Lake First Nation; located near Hythe, Alberta in the Treaty 8 territory. They are a member of the Western Cree Regional Council.

Horse logging – This references the use of horses or mules in the forestry industry and is part of the sustainable forest management.

Hotchkiss – This hamlet is a farming community in northern Alberta, located along the Mackenzie Highway, about 16 kms north of Manning.

Hudson's Bay Post – The Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) established over 450 trading posts in northern Canada to facilitate the fur trade.

Hudson Hope Dam – This large hydroelectric dam on the Peace River in northern B.C. is located near Hudson

Hope and Fort St. John. It is also known as the W.A.C. Bennett Dam.

Humility – A word for the quality of being humble; a low self regard and sense of unworthiness.

I

Ingenious – Meaning to have the aptitude of inventing, discovering, or cleverness.

Ingenuity – Meaning the quality of being clever, original, and inventive.

Integrity – Meaning the quality of being honest, truthful, and having strong moral principles.

Inuit – A name for the group of Indigenous peoples inhabiting the Arctic regions of Greenland, Canada, and Alaska, USA.

J

John D'Or Prairie – This is a First Nations settlement within the John D'Or Prairie 215 Indian reserve in northern Alberta. It is located on the Lawrence Rive, and south of the Caribou Mountains.

Journeyman Carpenter – This is a worker skilled in a building trade, who has successfully completed an official apprenticeship qualification.

Joussard – This hamlet in northern Alberta is located 338 kms north of Edmonton, along Highway 2.

Jurisdictional – A term describing the official power to make legal decisions and judgements.

K

Kapchuksen – This is a local nickname for a lady in the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement community.

Keg River Cabins – This hamlet in northern Alberta is located along Highway 35, about 120 miles north of Peace River.

Keg River Metis Settlement Association – In 1974, a statement of claim was filed in the Supreme Court of Alberta regarding the governance of revenues from oil and gas development, officially called the “Keg River Metis Association v Her Majesty the Queen in Right of Alberta,” action No. 83520.

Keg River Trading Post – The hamlet of Keg River is located on the original site of the Slavey and Cree First Nations summer village. In 1896, the HBC arrived in the area as the fur trade was expanding; 460 miles northwest of Edmonton.

Kohkom – A word meaning ‘your grandmother’ in the Cree language.

Kubasa – A smoked sausage of coarsely chopped beef and pork that is flavored with garlic and spices.

L

Lac La Biche – This hamlet is in northeastern Alberta, 220 kms northeast of Edmonton.

Lac Ste. Anne – This large lake in central Alberta is located along Highway 43, about 75 kms west of Edmonton.

Lac Ste. Anne Pilgrimage – This is a yearly gathering in July of Indigenous people from across Canada who come seeking healing and spiritual renewal.

Landless – Describing a state of living without land and no access to a land base.

Law of Physics – These are stated facts which have been derived from empirical observations; what works around us.

Lean-to – This is a simple free-standing structure, usually made out of poles and a tarp, that is used as a shelter.

Legal entity – Describing an individual, company, or organization which has legal rights and obligations.

Legend – The name of a story from the past that is believed by many but may not be true.

Legislation – Describing the exercising of the power and function of making rules and laws that have the force of authority.

LeGoff – A place also known as Cold Lake First Nation; inhabited by the Cree and Dene people, 300 kms northeast of Edmonton.

Lesser Slave Lake – A lake known traditionally as ‘ayahciyiniw sakahikan’ in the Cree language. It the 2nd largest lake in Alberta; and is the site of the signing of Treaty 8 on June 21st, 1899.

Levies – A process of imposing tax on land or property or imports.

Lewistown – The county seat for Fergus County that is; located in the center of the state; southeast of Great Falls. It is the site of an 1880s gold rush and important railway destination.

Louis Riel Metis Association – This Metis organization developed in B.C. for the betterment of the Metis and all Indigenous people.

M

Mackenzie Highway – This major highway in Alberta and the Northwest Territories begins at ‘Mile Zero’ in Grimshaw and runs to Yellowknife. It was originally built between 1945-48.

Mackenzie River – Also known as ‘Deh-Cho’ by the Slavey people, meaning ‘big river,’ it is the longest river system in Canada, and the 2nd longest in North America.

Mandolin – This stringed musical instrument in the lute family is plucked with a plectrum.

Manning – This town in northern Alberta, also known as the ‘Land of the Mighty Moose,’ is located on Highway 35 and the Notikewin River; 73 kms north of Peace River.

McLennan – This is a town in northern Alberta, located 50 kms north of High Prairie on the south shore of Kimiwan Lake. It is named after Dr. J.K. McLennan, vice president of the railway.

Meadow Lake – This city in the boreal forest of northwestern Saskatchewan; 156 kms north of North Battleford; founded as a trading post in 1799.

Medicinal – Meaning to having healing properties.

Merchandise – This is another word for the goods to be bought and sold.

Metis Association of Alberta – A registered, not-for-profit society in Alberta, that acts as a representative voice for the Métis people within Alberta. It was formed in 1928, by founding members: Felice Callihoo, Joseph Dion, James P. Brady, Malcolm Norris, and Peter Tompkins.

Metis Betterment Act – Formally known as the Metis Population Betterment Act, 1938, this legislation allowed for 12 tracts of land to be identified through a series of Government of Alberta Orders-In-Council. It allowed for the creation of a committee of members of the Metis and the Government of Alberta to plot out lands for allocation to the Metis.

Metis Betterment Trust Fund – This trust fund was established for the Government of Alberta to deposit oil and gas royalties derived from the sale of oil and gas extracted from Settlement lands.

Métis National Council – The body of Métis governance was formed in 1983 to support the recognition of the Métis as a distinct ethnicity who identify separately from other Aboriginal groups at the national and international levels.

Métis Nation of British Columbia – This Métis governing body represents nearly 90,000 Métis people in B.C. They are recognized by the provincial and federal governments as the official governing organization for the Métis in B.C.

Metis Settlement Act - The Metis Settlements Act established the Metis Settlements General Council and acknowledged the Settlements by names that the Settlement communities chose collectively.

Midwife – A trained and experienced professional who cares for the mothers and newborns around childbirth.

Model T Ford – This automobile was produced by the Ford Motor Company from 1908-1927; often referred to as ‘tin Lizzie’ or ‘leaping Lena.’

Moonshine – This is a high-proof liquor that was and continues to be produced illicitly, without government authorization.

Moose Lick – A naturally occurring salt lick forms where the soil is high in minerals such as sodium and calcium, which the moose require in their system.

Moose Portage – This hamlet in northern Alberta, near Smith; is at the mouth of the Moose River, which flows out of Moose Lake.

Mosom – A Cree kinship term, meaning ‘grandfather.’

Multilingual – This means to be fluent in the use of several languages.

Multiple Sclerosis Society – This organization founded by volunteers to raise funds for the research and cure of MS; a chronic disease of the central nervous system, which can lead to the impairment of vision, memory, balance, and mobility.

Musike Wappuy – This Cree term refers to the medicinal herbs or roots used for curing ailments.

N

Nampa – This village in northern Alberta is located 27 kms south of Peace River, along Highway 2; Nampa is an Indigenous word for ‘the place.’

National Aboriginal Achievement Awards – Now known as the Indspire Awards, this event celebrated and encouraged excellence and outstanding achievement in Aboriginal communities.

Nawican Friendship Centre – This is a welcoming and safe gathering place for urban Indigenous families in Dawson Creek, B.C.

Naylor Hills – The region of hills to the west of the Keg River area; it is also the site of a lookout tower for Alberta Forestry.

Nomad – This is a person who does not stay long in one place; or someone who travels from place to place to find fresh pasture for their livestock.

Non-Status Indians – These are First Nations people that are not formally recognized and registered in Department of Crown-Indigenous Relations and Northern Affairs.

Nordegg – This hamlet is in west-central Alberta; along the David Thompson Highway; 90 kms west of Rocky Mountain House, in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

Northland School Division – This school division in northern Alberta governs the education of many of the smaller communities.

Northlands Park – Referencing the Alberta A circuit horse racing track in Edmonton.

North Peace Chuckwagon Association – This chuckwagon association oversaw the chuckwagon races in the north Peace River area, such as Manning, High Level, and Grande Prairie.

North Star – This hamlet in northern Alberta, located 7 kms south of Manning.

Notikewin – This is a hamlet in northern Alberta; located along the Mackenzie Highway, 6 kms north of Manning. The name is derived from the Cree word ‘notinikewin’ for “battle.”

Notorious – Meaning to be famous, or well known for.

O

O'Chiese Band – *The O'Chiese First Nation is located about 52 kms northwest of Rocky Mountain House.*

Onion Lake Reserve – *The Onion Lake Cree Nation, located 50 kms north of Lloydminster. It is named after wicekikaskosiwi-sakahikan, a Cree name for the wild onion grown in the lake.*

Outhouse – *A small usually wooden structure, separate from the main house, which is used as a toilet.*

Outrider – *The name of a mounted rider; a scout; who rides beside or behind a carriage, wagon, or chuckwagon.*

P

Packer – *This piece of heavy-duty equipment with a roller was used to pack the surface of a road or highway.*

Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement – *One of the 8 Metis Settlements in Alberta; located in northwest Alberta, along the Mackenzie Highway; 72 kms south of High Level.*

Parksville – *This city on the east coast of Vancouver Island was established in 1910. It is well known for its beaches, pools, wildlife, and campgrounds.*

Peace River – *This town in northwestern Alberta is named after the river that flows through it. It is located 200 kms north of Grande Prairie and is a well known trading area.*

Peavine – *Peavine Metis Settlement is located 56 kms north of High Prairie, on Highway 750.*

Peigan – *The Peigan First Nation is the southern most tribe of the Blackfoot Confederacy; spelled as Piikani or Piikuni. Their name is derived from the word 'apik'uni', meaning "badly tanned robe."*

Perseverance – *This is the persistence in doing something despite difficulty or delay in achieving success.*

Politician – *A person who is active in party politics or is seeking an elected seat in the government.*

Ponoka – *A town in central Alberta, located on Highway 2A, 59 kms north of Red Deer. The name is derived from the Blackfoot word meaning 'elk.'*

Pouce Coupe – *This village in northeastern B.C. was originally called 'Pouskapie's Prairie' after a local Chief; located 10 kms southeast of Dawson Creek.*

Prophetic – *The term for the accurate description or prediction of what will happen in the future.*

Q

Quesnel – *This city located in the Cariboo regional District of B.C.; located between Prince George and Williams Lake.*

R

Rangeland Derby – *The chuckwagon race portion of the Calgary Stampede that first started in 1923; overseen by the World Professional Chuckwagon Association (WPCA).*

Rat root – This root is also known as calamus, sweet flag root, muskrat root, and beewort. It is commonly found in wetland areas and grows under water; is effective in fighting off colds, cough, sore throats, and upset stomachs.

Red River – The Red River Settlement was a colony built at the forks of the Red & Assiniboine Rivers long before Confederation; the first inhabitants were of Métis and First Nations heritage; original site of Fort Gibraltar.

Red River jig – This traditional dance accompanying a fiddle tune.

Refrain – To stop oneself from doing something.

Religious – This means to be relating to or believing in a religion.

Renovations – Describing the process of improving a damaged or outdated structure.

Residential School – These institutions were established between the 1880s until 1996 to assimilate Indigenous children into Euro-Canadian communities and culture. The goal was to eliminate their cultures and languages. These schools were funded by Euro-Canadian governments and run by Catholic and Anglican churches. Assimilating Indigenous children would enable the Dominion of Canada to retain better control of communities and land.

Rheumatoid arthritis – This is a chronic inflammatory disease that affects the joints, that results in painful joints, swelling and stiffness in the joints.

Road Allowance People – A term used for the Métis people who did not own the land they lived on; usually located on Crown land along roads. They were considered squatters, as they didn't pay taxes on the land and as a result their children couldn't attend school.

Rocky Lane – This agricultural hamlet in northern Alberta, located next door to the Boyer River I.R. 164; about 51 kms east of High Level.

Rocky Mountain House – This town in west-central Alberta, about 77 kms west of Red Deer, on Highway 11; at the confluence of the North Saskatchewan and Clearwater Rivers; well known for its fur trading history.

Root cellar – Referencing pit area or structure built underground to store vegetables and fruits over the winter.

Round dancing – A traditional event in First Nations cultures to bring people together ‘to heal, to honour, and to celebrate life.’

Royal Regina Rifles – This regiment of infantry for Assiniboia and Saskatchewan; originated in Regina, Saskatchewan in July 1905. It became a rifle regiment in May 1908.

Rupert's Land – In 1670, despite the presence of many Indigenous Nations, the English granted the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) much of North America. Prince Rupert of Rhine became the first appointed Governor of the HBC's new territory, and so the North-West was also known as Rupert's Land. The name became important to Métis as their trade partners; the HBC would call the region Rupert's Land.

Rupertsland Institute – This is an affiliate of the Métis Nation of Alberta (MNA) and is incorporated as a not-for-profit organization. RLI's vision is for a skilled, knowledgeable, and self-reliant Métis Nation and is integral to enhancing the self-sufficiency and well-being of Alberta Métis.

S

Saddle Lake – The Saddle Lake Cree Nation #462 is signatory to Treaty 6, located 180 kms northeast of Edmonton. ‘Onihcikiskowapowin’ means “mirage on the lake” in Cree.

Sandy Lake – This hamlet in northeastern Alberta has also known as Pelican Mountain. It is located between Calling Lake and Wabasca.

Scow – A type of flat-bottomed barge used to carry cargo up the rivers in the north.

Scrub Board – A ridged metal or glass wooden board, used for doing laundry by hand, prior to gas operated or electric washers.

Seismic – This is referencing the geological surveying methods involving vibrations to test the rift systems of the earth.

Shaftsbury Trail – This scenic, interesting, drive runs parallel to the Mighty Peace River. It was a trail used by First Nations and Métis fur traders.

Slashing cutlines – Referring to the method used for clearing cutlines for power lines, railways, or oil field work.

Slave Lake – This town in northern Alberta, located 255 kms north of Edmonton on the southeast shore of Lesser Slave Lake; at the junction of Highways 2 & 88.

Slavey – This Dene speaking First Nations group inhabits an area dominated by lakes, mountains, and river systems, which extends along the Slave, Athabasca, and Mackenzie Rivers, in northeastern B.C. and the Hay Lakes region of northern Alberta.

Sleigh – This is open, usually horse drawn vehicle with runners for use on snow and ice.

Smith – This hamlet in northern Alberta, located on Highway 2A, 182 kms northwest of Edmonton, at the confluence of the Lesser Slave and Athabasca Rivers.

Smoke house – A small wooden structure where meat or fish is cured with smoke.

Snubbing – Controlling the movement of a horse with a rope wrapped around its nose, and around a post.

Spanish Flu Epidemic – This 1918 influenza was a global epidemic caused by the H1N1 influenza A virus.

Spirit world – According the spiritualism, this is referencing the world inhabited by spirits of the ancestors after they have passed away.

Squatted – An action of unlawfully occupying an uninhabited building or piece of land.

Steen River – A community in northern Alberta within Mackenzie County; located on Highway 35, 140 kms north of High Level.

St. Henry's Residential School – This institution opened in 1900 and closed in 1968. It was operated by the Roman Catholic Church. It was also known as the Fort Vermillion Residential School.

Stillborn – This is a baby born without signs of life after 20-28 weeks of pregnancy.

St. Albert – This city was originally settled as a Métis community, just north of Edmonton on the Sturgeon River. It received its town status in 1904.

Stooked – This means to arrange the sheaves or bundles of cut grain so that the grain heads are off the ground, in a standing position, prior to threshing.

St. Paul – Originally known as St. Paul des Metis; this town in northeast Alberta is a major trading centre for all the agricultural, oil and gas industries.

St. Paul des Metis – This community was founded as a Metis colony in 1896, known then as a Half Breed Reserve. Albert Lacombe petitioned the government for a land grant reserved for the Metis people, including four townships of federal government property to be leased for 99 years at the rate of \$1.00 per year. Each family that settled in the area received 80 acres of land, livestock, farming equipment, access to land for hay, pasture, and wood. The land base was dissolved in 1909 by the government; and many Métis homes were given to French settlers.

Straight jacket – This is a garment shaped like a jacket used to restrain people who may cause harm to themselves or others.

Sturgeon Lake First Nation – The Sturgeon Lake Cree Nation #154 is located just west of Valleyview, in the Treaty 8 Territory.

Sugar Beet – This plant has roots that contain a high concentration of sucrose, and which is grown for the production of sugar.

Sullivan Ferry – The name of the ferry that operated on the Peace River between Fort Vermillion and Peace River.

Sunchild Band – The Sunchild First Nation is located in west central Alberta, 60 kms northwest of Rocky Mountain House; part of Treaty #6. They signed it in May 1944, under the leadership of Chief Louis Sunchild.

Susceptible – This means to be easily influenced or harmed by something.

Syllabics – This is a writing system based on consonant-vowel pairs (syllables) created by James Evans to write and preserve Indigenous languages.

T

Tangent Park – This park is located 24 kms south of Peace River on Highway 740.

Tea Dances – This traditional event or social gathering of Indigenous people, usually around a fire, for the enjoyment of sharing their culture, singing, dancing and hand drumming.

Teamster – This is a person who handles and drives teams of draft animals or horses.

Tenacity – This is the quality or fact of being very determined or persistent to accomplish something.

Threshing – The process of separating the grain or kernels from their stocks.

Tompkins Landing – *This is the stopping place on the Peace River where people disembarked when arriving for Paddle Prairie.*

Traditional medicines – *Describing the knowledge, skills, and practices, based on beliefs and experiences of Indigenous peoples that can be used in the maintenance of health and treatment of physical and mental illness.*

Traditional roots – *The herbal plants and roots that are used in the treatment of physical ailments and mental illnesses.*

Trapline – *Describing a route along which a trapper sets traps for their quarry as they travel the land. They become very knowledgeable about the terrain and geography of the land.*

Treaty – *A formal, legally binding written agreement between groups of people. For example, Treaty #7 was signed in 1877, between the Queen's representatives and the Blackfoot people.*

Twin Lakes – *This camping and fishing area is located between Manning and Keg River; just off Highway 35.*

U

Ukrainian – *A name for an Eastern European people, culture, and nation. In the 1900s, many suffered from economic and national oppression. Just prior to the WWI, 170,000 Ukrainians immigrated to Canada, where they were promised free land.*

Umpire – *An official who watches a game or match closely to enforce the rules and arbitrate on matters arising from the play.*

Undisputed – *This means to agree, or have no questions asked.*

Unilateral – *An action or a decision made by one person or group, without agreement or consent from another.*

Union of British Columbia Indian Chiefs – *This First Nations political organization was founded in 1969 in response to Jean Chretien's White Paper proposal to assimilate Status Indians and disband Indian Affairs.*

Union Member – *A worker who belongs to a trade union, such as the Ironworkers.*

Utility Operator – *This is someone who maintains equipment, keeps the work area clean, and setting machine programs, making sure there are no malfunctions.*

V

Vauxhall – *This town in southern Alberta on Highway 36 is known as the 'potato capital' of the west; located just 36 kms north of Taber.*

Vernon – *This city in the Okanagan region of southern B.C.; 440 kms northeast of Vancouver. It's known for lakes and fruit industry.*

Veteran – *A person who has served in the active military, naval, or air service. They may have served in direct combat during the war.*

W

Wabasca – *This hamlet in northern Alberta, also known as Wabasca-Desmarais; is located between the South and North Wabasca Lakes; about 123 kms northeast of Slave Lake.*

Weld – A fabrication process that joins materials using high heat to melt the parts together.

Wetaskiwin – This city is located 70 kms south of Edmonton on Highway 2A. It is named after the Cree word “witaskiwinihk”, meaning ‘the hills where peace was made.’

Wild Cabbage – A biennial plant which takes two years to grow to maturity. It can be used for medicinal purposes.

Winterburn – This place is located near west Edmonton; near Enoch Cree Nation and is primarily used as an industrial area and ware houses.

Wintered – This means to spend the winter in a particular place.

Western Chuckwagon Association – This thoroughbred chuckwagon racing organization primarily races in the Peace region of Alberta and B.C.; such as Teepee Creek.

World Professional Chuckwagon Association – The most senior and highest level of professional chuckwagon racing in the world; offering the richest purses and the highest tarp prices, such as the Rangeland Derby at Calgary Stampede.

Y

Yellowknife – This is the capital city of the Northwest Territories; located on the north shore of the Great Slave Lake; 400 kms south of the Arctic Circle. It was established in 1934; in the traditional territory of the Yellowknives Dene First Nations.

Z

Zama City – This hamlet in northwest Alberta is located north of High Level; based on the oil and gas industry.

Author Autobiography

I am not a writer. Maybe because I was intimidated by an English professor at university when I barely passed my English course with a 'D'.

Who was I to think I could write, with my limited knowledge of English, and coming from a small northern community? For sure I felt I was incompetent and incapable of completing a Bachelor of Education degree.

I had been out of school for eight years and wasn't sure how to write a paragraph at that time. I felt discouraged, and not sure if I should take another English course after that. I must have, because I think you have to have 2nd or 3rd year English to graduate with a degree in Education.

Thinking about that experience now, I guess it was based on the professor's high-class standard of English. Little did she know, I came from a rich history of people, with grit and perseverance, and a great culture, which helped to sustain me, and gave me the support and knowledge I needed to carry on. Thanks to my people from the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement, I was strong enough and determined enough to succeed.

Thanks to the people of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement for believing in me and supporting this project. Sincere thanks goes out to those families who submitted stories about their loved ones, and honored their memories in this book.



My husband Bob and I on a visit to the Grand Canyon in Arizona.

It is a compilation of the people's stories, dedicated to their memories of their fathers and grandfathers, and the important roles they played in the development of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement community.

These stories depict how we all lived, how our families worked together, and supported one another in their quest to survive and thrive in the north.

These stories are dedicated to our young people, and those still to come, so that they may learn the important skills and traditions of our fathers and grandfathers, which will help sustain them in the future, for it is up to them to carry on these traditions and the culture.

I would like to dedicate the following poem to all those who went before us, and to those still living the dream. Thanks to C. Card.

I am Metis

Today, very proud to be me
Walking tall for all to see
Our Elders were discouraged
Taught us all and encouraged;
Pride inside they went on
Looking toward a new dawn
They built a country for us all
Challenges abound, they didn't fall;
I am Metis, and proud to be
Our ancestors left us a legacy,
Taught us to do whatever it takes
Metis Pride and history it makes;
Always work and help another
Taught by our Father and Mother
Staying strong and very proud
Always rising above the crowd;
I am Metis I will always say
Proudly here forever to stay.

- C. Card

Resources & Readings

- Adams, Christopher., Dahl, Gregg., Peach, Ian. *Metis In Canada: History, Identity, Law, & Politics*; The University of Alberta Press, Edmonton, 2013.
www.uap.ualberta.ca
- Barkwell, Lawrence. *Veterans and Families of the 1885 Northwest Resistance*; Louis Riel Institute; 2009.
- Beaulieu, Hubert J. *Out of The Shadows*; 2009, self-published.
- Belcourt, Herb. *Walking in the Woods: A Metis Journey*, Brindle & Glass Publishing; 2006.
- Bouchard, Darcy John. *The Children of li Exovedes*, Li Exōūle, 2012.
- Brissenden, Constance. *Memories of a Metis Settlement: Eighty Years of East Prairie Metis Settlement with Firsthand Memories: 1939 to Today*; East Prairie Metis Settlement and Theytus Books. Penticton, B.C. 2018.
- Canadian Geographic. Indigenous Peoples Atlas of Canada: *Road Allowance People*.
- Crowshoe, Lisa. Genee, Inge. Peddle, Mahaliah. Smith, Joslin. Snoek, Conor. *Sustaining Indigenous Languages: Connecting Communities, Teachers, and Scholars*; Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, Arizona; 2021.
- Dion, Joseph F. *My Tribe: The Crees*; Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary, Alberta, 1996.
- Douglass, Sheila. *A Candle in the Grub Box: A Struggle for Survival in the Northern Wilderness*; Shires Books, Victoria, B.C. 1977.
- Fournier, Suzanne, Crey, Ernie. *Stolen From Our Embrace: The Abduction of First Nations Children and the Restoration of Aboriginal Communities*; Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver/Toronto; 1997.
- Friesen, John W., Friesen, Virginia Lyons. *We Are Included! The Metis People of Canada Realize Riel's Vision*; Detselig Enterprises Ltd., Calgary, Alberta, 2004.
- Gallaher, Bill. *The Frog Lake Massacre*; TouchWood Editions, Surrey, B.C. 2008
- Good, Michelle. *Five Little Indians*; Harper Perennial, Toronto, 2020.
- Goulet, George R.D. *The Trial of Louis Riel: Justice and Mercy Denied*, Tellwell Publishing, Calgary; 1999.
- Hughes, Stuart. *The Frog Lake "Massacre": Personal Perspectives on Ethnic Conflict*; McClelland and Stewart Limited, Carleton University, Ottawa; 1976.
- Kostash, Myrna. *The Frog Lake Reader*, NeWest Press, Edmonton; 2009.
- LeClaire, Nancy., Cardinal, George. *Alberta Elders' Cree Dictionary*; The University of Alberta Press, and Duval House Publishing, Edmonton, 1998.

McLeod, Darrel J. *Peyakow: Reclaiming Cree Identity*; Douglas and McIntyre (2013) Ltd., Madeira Park, B.C. 2021.

Moulton, Candy. *Chief Joseph: Guardian of the People*; A Tom Doherty Associates Book, New York, 2005.

Rasporich, A.W. *Western Canada Past and Present*; University of Calgary, McClelland and Stewart West, Calgary; 1975.

Rupertsland Institute, Homeland History: Foundational Knowledge Themes, (Edmonton: Rupertsland Institute, 2021).

Rupertsland Institute, Languages of Métis: Foundational Knowledge Themes.

Rupertsland Institute, Master Vocabulary List: Foundational Knowledge Themes.

Rupertsland Institute, Métis Culture and Traditions: Foundational Knowledge Themes.

Rupertsland Institute, Métis in Alberta: Foundational Knowledge Themes.

Rupertsland Institute, Métis Nation Governance: Foundational Knowledge Themes.

Settee, Priscilla. *Pimatisiwin: The Good Life, Global Indigenous Knowledge Systems*, J Charlton Publishing, Vernon, B.C. 2013.

Smith Matheson, Shirley. *Youngblood of the Peace*; Detselig Enterprises, Calgary; 1991.

Sprague, D.N., Frye, R.P. *The Genealogy of the First Metis Nation: The Development and Dispersal of the Red River Settlement 1820-1900*; Pemmican Publications Inc., Winnipeg; 1983.

The Metis Association of Alberta. *Metis Land Rights in Alberta: A Political History; Handbook*; 1982.

Thistle, Jesse. *From The Ashes: My Story of Being Metis, Homeless, and Finding My Way*; Simon & Schuster Canada, Toronto. 2019.

Van Camp, Richard. *Gather*; University of Regina Press, Regina; 2021.

Wagamese, Richard. *A Perfect Likeness: Two Novellas*; Orca Book Publishers, 2021.

Wall Kimmerer, Robin. *Braiding Sweetgrass: Indigenous Wisdom, Scientific Knowledge, and the Teachings of Plants*; Milkweed Editions; 2013.

Wiebe, Rudy. *The Scorched Wood People*; Fitzhenry & Whiteside; Markham; 2005.

Additional Resources

Readers can access www.ancestry.com to learn more about their history.

More information about many of these places, people, and the events listed in these stories is available online through Google and Wikipedia.

Made in the USA
Monee, IL
06 May 2022



c15865d9-37ab-4587-9566-25695b4ef258R01

A PLACE TO CALL HOME

This book is dedicated in honour of the fathers and grandfathers of the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement. Dedicated in the honour of those men who worked hard, day after day, doing back breaking work, to build and develop the community, from basically nothing. They were ordinary men, with vision and foresight, who created the Paddle Prairie Metis Settlement into a thriving community. A place where they were proud to raise their families, and provided a good life for them, and gave them a place to call home.

Pimatisiwin. We had a good life...



Printed in Canada

©Rupertslan^d Institute



Rupertslan^d
Institute
Métis Centre of Excellence

ISBN 9781990616020



9 781990 616020

90000